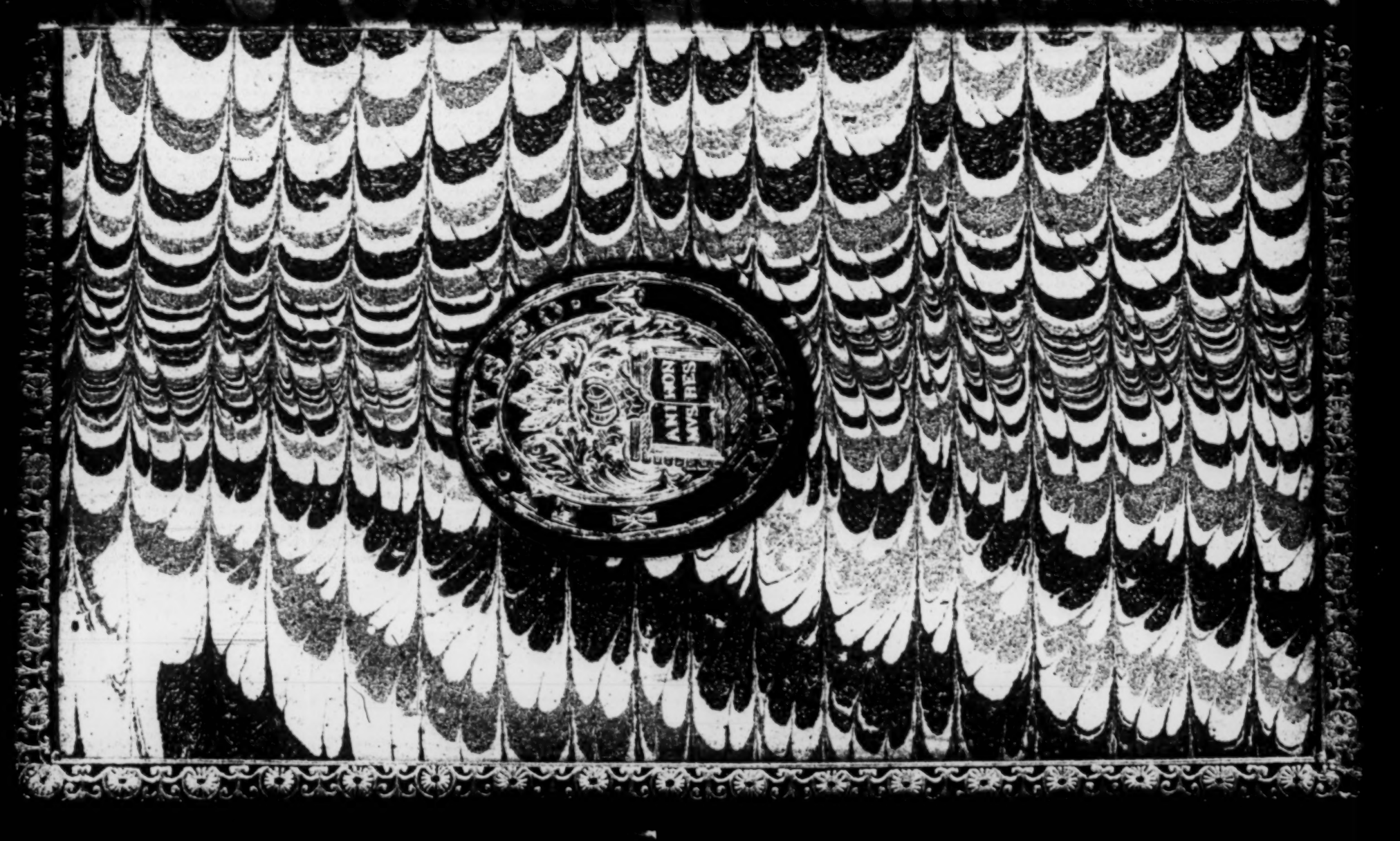
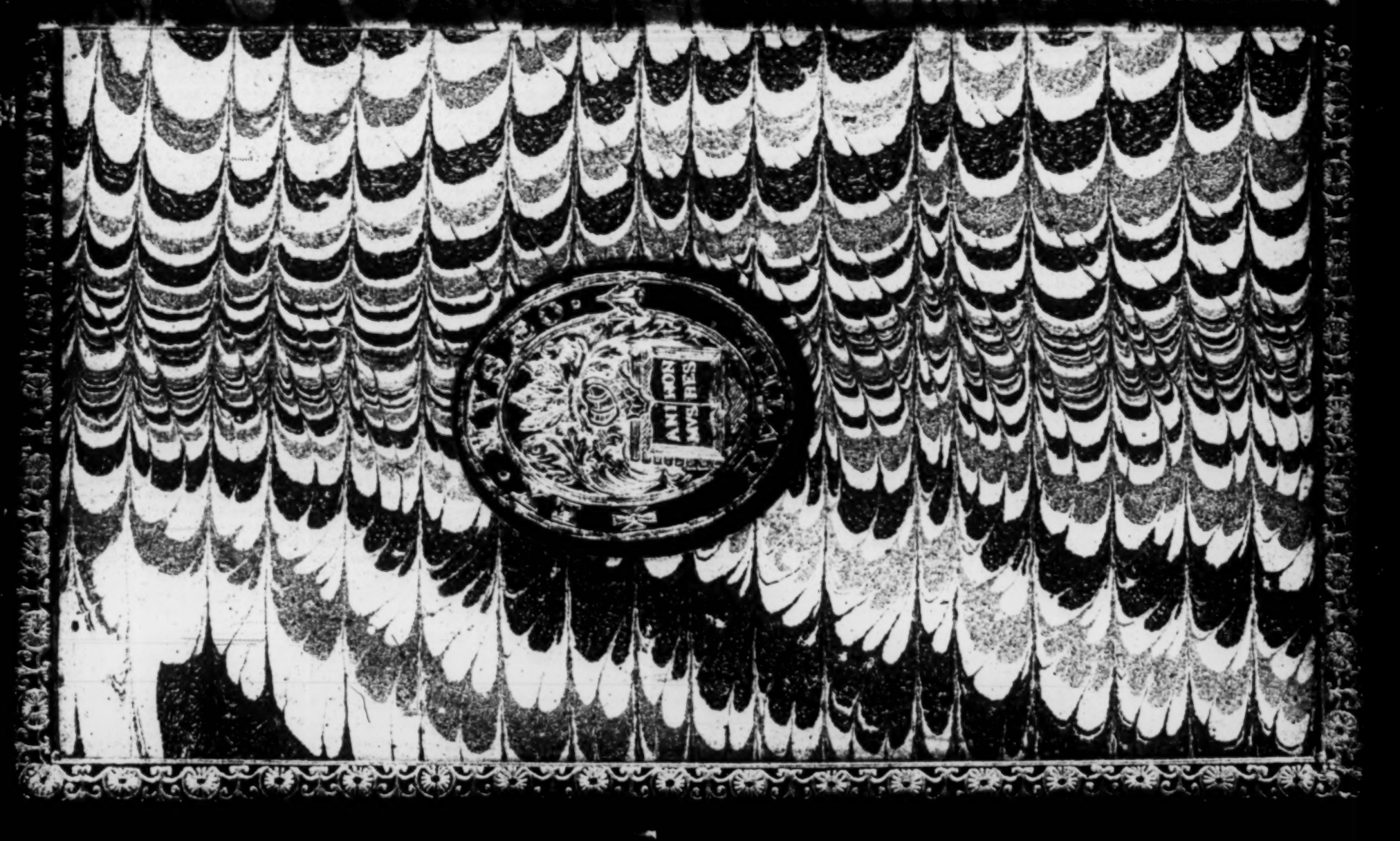
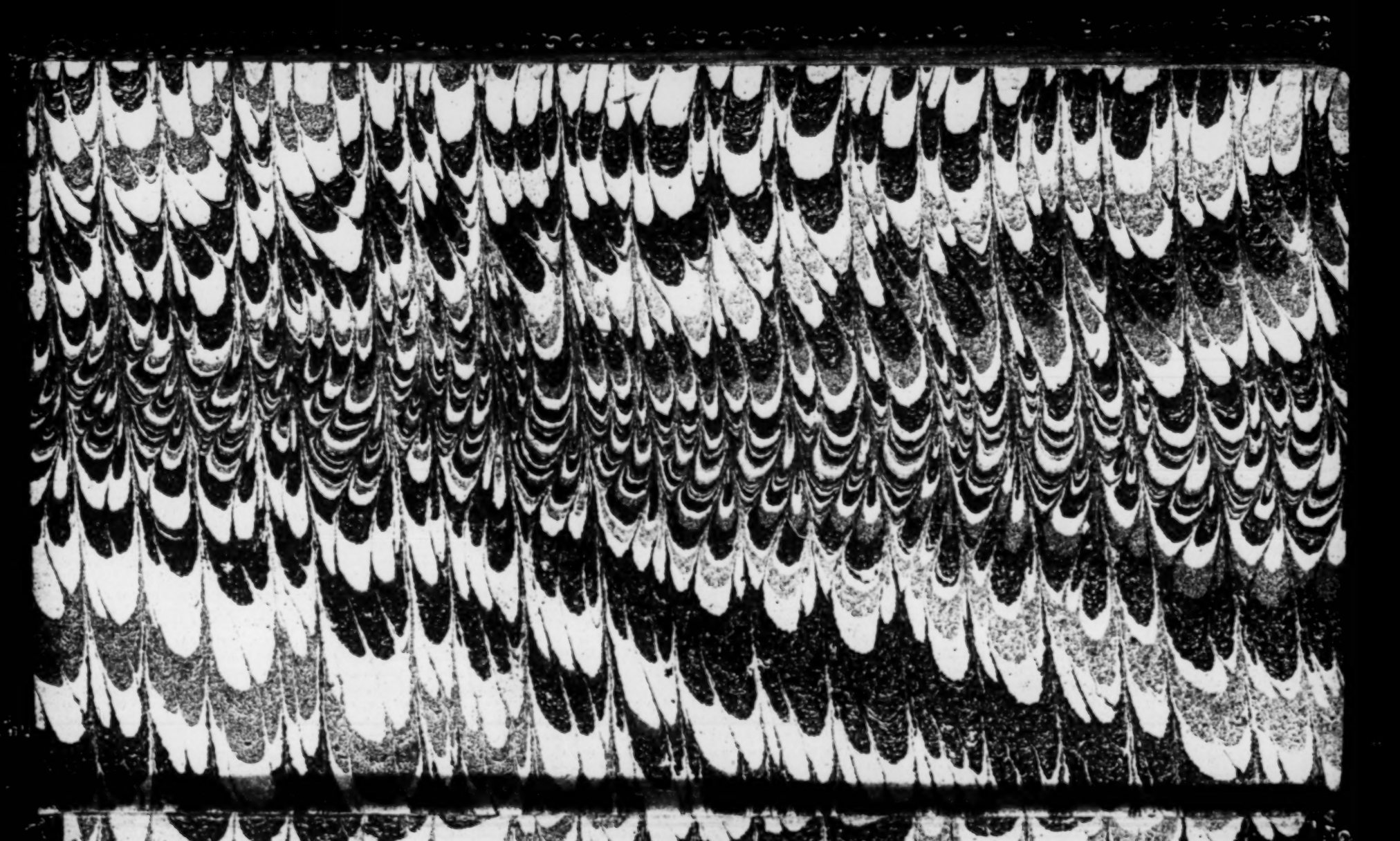






This little work is said to be
an imitation of Benedict Haeftens
"Schola Cordis" published at
Antwerp in 1535. In the
latter however there are 35
emblems.

Thomas Henry is not found
in any biographical Dictionary
which I have seen Wood says
that he was first Master of
Kingston School, Herefordshire
that he obtained the Degree
of M. A

(Rev. Chr. Evans)
according to Hopkins'
(not Thomas Hearne)
says Wood

H/L.

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SCHOLA CORDIS

OR

The Heart *of it Selfe, gone away from* God; *brought back againe to him, & instructed by him.*

in 47

Emblems.

Audiam quid loquatur in me Dominus. Psalm. 84.

Loquar ad Cor. Osa. 2



London
Printed for H Blunden *at the Castle in Corn-hill* 1647.

Michael van lochom fecit

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WCH.

To the Divine Majestie

of the onely begotten, eternall, well-beloved Son of God and Saviour of the world *Christ Jesus*, the King of Kings and Lord of Lords, the Maker, the Mender, the Searcher, and the Teacher of the *HEART*;

The meanest of his most unworthy Servants offers up this poore account of his Thoughts, humbly begging pardon for all that is amisse in them, and a gracious acceptance of these weak Endeavours for the advancement of his Honor in the good of others.

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2. The taking away of the heart.
3. The darkneſſe of the heart.
4. The abſence of the heart.
5. The vanity of the heart.
6. The oppreſſion of the heart.
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The Concluſion.

The *School* of the *Heart*.

The INTRODVCTION.

TUrne in, my mind, wander no more abroad,
Her's work enough at home, lay by that load
Of ſcatter'd thoughts that clogs and cumbers (thee.)
Reſume thy long neglected liberty
Of ſelfe-examination: bend thine eye
Inward, conſider where thine heart doth lie,
How 'tis affected, how 'tis buſi'd: looke
What thou haſt writ thy ſelfe in thine own booke,
Thy conſcience:—here ſet thou thy ſelfe to ſchoole.
Selfe-knowledge 'twixt a wiſe man and a foole
Doth make the difference: he that neglects
This learning, ſideth with his owne defects.
Doſt thou draw backe? Hath cuſtome charm'd thee ſo,
That thou canſt reliſh nothing but thy woe?
Find'ſt thou ſuch ſweetneſſe in thoſe ſugar'd lyes?
Have forain objects ſo ingroſt thine eyes?
Canſt thou not hold them off? Haſt thou an eare
To liſten but to what thou ſhould'ſt not heare?
Art thou incapable of every thing,
But what thy ſenſes to thy fancie bring?
Remember that thy birth and conſtitution
Both promiſe better then ſuch baſe confuſion.
Thy birth 's divine, from heaven; thy compoſure
Is ſpirit, and immortall; thine incloſure

In walls of fleſh not to make thee debtor
For houſe-roome to them, but to make them better.
Thy body's thy freehold, live then as the Lord,
No tenant to thine owne: ſome time afford
To view what ſtate 'tis in: ſurvey each part,
And above all take notice of thine heart.
Such as that is the reſt is, or will be,
Better or worſe, blame-worthy or fault-free.
What? are the ruines ſuch thou art affrai'd,
Or elſe aſham'd, to ſee how 'tis decai'd?
Is't therefore thou art loth to ſee it ſuch,
As now it is, becauſe it is ſo much,
Degenerated now from what it was,
And ſhould have been? Thine ignorance, alas,
Will make it nothing better, and the longer
Evills are ſuffer'd grow, they grow the ſtronger.
Or hath thine underſtanding loſt its light?
Hath the darke night of error dimm'd thy ſight
So that thou canſt not, though thou would'ſt, obſerve
All things amiſſe within thee, how they ſwerve
From the ſtraight rules of righteouſneſſe and reaſon?
If ſo, omit not then this precious ſeaſon.
Tis yet ſchoole time, as yet the doore's not ſhut.
Harke how the Maſter calls. Come let us put
Up our requeſts to him, whoſe will alone
Limits his pow'r of teaching, from whom none
Returnes unlearned, that hath once a will
To be his ſcholar, and implore his ſkill.
Great ſcearcher of the heart, whoſe boundleſſe ſight
Diſcovers ſecrets, and doth bring to light
The hidden things of darkeneſſe, who alone
Perfectly know'ſt all things that can be knowne.
Thou know'ſt I doe not, cannot, have no mind
To know mine heart: I am not onely blind,
But lame, and liſtleſſe: thou alone canſt make

Mee able, willing: and the paines I take,
As well as the ſucceſſe, muſt come from thee,
Who workeſt both to will and doe in mee:
Having now made mee willing to be taught,
Make mee as willing to learne what I ought.
Or, if thou wilt allow thy ſcholar leave
To chooſe his leſſon, leſt I ſhould deceive
My ſelfe againe, as I have done too often,
Teach mee to know mine heart. Thou, thou, canſt ſoften
Lighten, enliven, purifie, reſtore,
And make more fruitfull, then it was before,
Its hardneſſe, darkeneſſe, death, uncleanneſſe, loſſe,
And barrenneſſe: refine it from the droſſe,
And draw out all the dregs, heale ev'ry ſore,
Teach it to know it ſelfe, and love thee more.
Lord, if thou wilt, thou canſt impart this ſkill:
And for all other learning take't who will.

Embleme 1.



CONTAGIO CORDIS.

Cur implevit Satanas cor tuū. *Act: 5. 3.*

Corde bibis stigium morbi mortisq; venenum,
Hic te Dum blandis decipit illecebris.

W. M. sculpcit.

The Infection of the Heart.

Acts 5.3.

Why hath Satan filled thine heart?

Epigr. 1.

WHilſt thou enclin'ſt thy Voyce-envcigled eare,
The ſubtill Serpents Syren-Songs to heare,
Thy heart drinks deadly poyſon drawn from hell,
And with a Vip'rous brood of ſinne doth ſwell.

Ode 1.

The Soule. 1.

Profit, and pleaſure, comfort, and content,
Wiſedome, and honour, and when theſe are ſpent
A freſh ſupply of more! Oh heav'nly words!
Are theſe the dainty fruits, that this faire tree affords

The Serpent. 2.

Yes theſe, and many more, if more may be,
All, that the world containes, in this one tree
Contracted is. Take but a taſt, and try,
Thou maiſt beleeve thy ſelf, experience can not lye.

The Soule. 3.

But thou maiſt lye: and with a falſe pretence
Of friendſhip rob me of that excellence,
Which my Creators bounty hath beſtow'd,
And freely given me, to whom he nothing ow'd.

The Serpent. 4.

Strange compoſition! ſo credulous,
And at the ſame time ſo ſuſpicious!
This is the tree of knowledge, and untill (or ill?
Thou eat thereof, how canſt thou know what's good

The Soule. 5.

God infinitly good my maker is,
Who neither will, nor can, doe ought amiſſe.
The being I receiv'd was that he ſent,
And therefore I am ſure muſt needs be excellent:

The Serpent. 6.

Suppoſe it be: yet doubtleſſe he that gave
Thee ſuch a being muſt himſelfe needs have
A better farre, more excellent by much: (ſuch.
Or elſe be ſure that he could not have made thee

The Soule. 7.

Such as he made me I am well content
Still to continue: for, if he had meant
I ſhould enjoy a better ſtate, he would
As eaſily as not have giv'n it, if he would.

The Serpent. 8.

And is it not all one, if he have given
Thee meanes to get it? muſt he ſtill be driven
To new workes of creation for thy ſake?
Wilt thou not what he ſets before thee daine to take?

The Soule. 9.

Yes, of the fruits of all the other trees
I freely take and eat: they are the fees
Allow'd me for the dreſſing by the Maker:
But of this fatall fruit I muſt nót be partaker.

The Serpent. 10.

And why? what danger can it be to eat
That which is good being ordain'd for meat?

What

What wilt thou ſay? God made it not for food?
Or dur'ſt thou think that made by him it is not good?

The Soule. 11.

Yes, good it is, no doubt, and good for meat:
But I am not allow'd thereof to eat.
My Makers prohibition under paine
Of death the day I eat thereof, makes me refraine.

The Serpent. 12.

Faint-hearted fondling, canſt thou feare to dye,
Being a Spirit and immortall? Fie.
God knowes this fruit once eaten will refine
Thy groſſer parts alone, and make thee all divine.

The Soule. 13.

There's ſomething in it ſure: were it not good,
It had not in the mid'ſt of th'garden ſtood:
And being good, I can no more refraine (ſtraine
From wiſhing, then then I can the fire to burne re-

14.

Why doe I trifle then? what I deſire
Why doe I not? Nothing can quench the fire
Of longing but fruition. Come what will,
Eat it I muſt, that I may know what's good and ill.

The Serpent. 15.

So, thou art taken now: thatreſolution
Gives an eternall date to thy confuſion.
The knowledge thou haſt got of good, and ill,
Is of good gone, and paſt, of evill preſent ſtill.

Embleme 2.



ABLATIO CORDIS.

Scortatio vinumq; et mustum intercipit mentem. *Hos:* 4. 11.

Scorta placent, et vina placent, sic stult⁹ inersq;
Exanimisq; animus: sic sine Corde Cor est.

W.M. *sculp:*

The taking away of the Heart.

HOS. 4. 11.

Whoredome and wine, and new wine take away the Heart.

Epigr. 2.

BAſe luſt and luxury the ſcumme and droſſe
Of hell-borne pleaſures, pleaſe thee to the loſſe
Of thy ſouls precious eyeſight, reaſon; ſo
Mind leſſe thy mind, heart leſſe thine heart doth grow.

ODE 2.

1.

Laid downe already? and ſo faſt aſleepe?
Thy precious heart left looſly on thine hand,
Which with all diligence thou ſhouldeſt keep,
And guard againſt thoſe enemies, that ſtand
Ready prepar'd to plunge it in the deep
Of all diſtreſſe? Rouze thee, and underſtand
In time, what in the end thou muſt confeſſe,
That miſery at laſt and wretchedneſſe
Is all the fruit that ſprings from ſlothfull idleneſſe.

2.

Whilſt thou li'ſt ſoaking in ſecurity,
Thou drown'ſt thy ſelfe in ſenſuall delight,
And wallow'ſt in debauched luxurie,
Which when thou art awake and ſee'ſt, will fright
Thine heart with horror. When thou ſhalt deſcry

By the daylight the danger of the night,
Then, then, if not too late, thou wilt confeſſe,
That endleſſe miſery and wretchedneſſe
Is all the fruit that ſprings from riotous exceſſe.

3.

Whilſt thou doſt pamper thy proud fleſh, and thruſt
Into thy panch the prime of all thy ſtore,
Thou doſt but gather fuell for that luſt,
Which boyling in thy liver runneth o're,
And frieth in thy throbbing veines, which muſt
Needs vent, or burſt, when they can hold no more.
But oh conſider what thou ſhalt confeſſe
At laſt, that miſery and wretchedneſſe
Is all the fruit that ſprings from luſtfull wantonneſſe.

4.

Whilſt thou doſt feed effeminate deſires
With ſpumy pleaſures, whilſt fruition
The coals of luſt fannes into flaming fires,
And ſpurious delights thou doateſt on,
Thy mind through cold remiſneſſe ev'n expires,
And all the active vigour of't is gone.
Take heed in time, or elſe thou ſhalt confeſſe
At laſt that miſery and wretchedneſſe
Is all the fruit that ſprings from careleſſe-mindedneſſe.

5.

Whilſt thy regardleſſe ſenſe-diſſolved mind
Lies by unbent, that ſhould have been thy ſpring
Of motion, all thy headſtrong paſſions find
Themſelves let looſe, and follow their own ſwing,
Forgetfull of the great account behind,
As though there never would be ſuch a thing,
But, when it comes indeed, thou wilt confeſſe
That miſery alone and wretchedneſſe
Is all the fruit that ſprings from ſoule-forgetfulneſſe.

6.

6.

Whilſt thou remembreſt not thy later end,
Nor what a reck'ning one day thou muſt make,
Putting no difference betwixt foe and friend,
Thou ſuffer'ſt helliſh Fiends thine heart to take,
Who, all the while thou trifleſt, doe attend,
Ready to bring it to the burning lake
Of fire and brimſtone: where thou ſhalt confeſſe
That endleſſe miſery and wretchedneſſe
Is all the fruit that ſprings from ſtupid heartleſneſſe.

Embleme 3.



CORDIS TENEBRÆ.

Obtenebratum est decipiens cor eorum. Rom. 1.21.

Heu tenebras Cordis: tenebræ quibus exteriores
Succedent nisit Lux tibi luce mea.

W. N. Sculp.

The darkeneſſe of the Heart.

ROM. 1.21.

Their fooliſh heart was darkened.

Epigr. 3.

SVch cloudy ſhadowes have eclips'd thine heart
As Nature cannot parallel nor Art:
Vnleſſe thou take my light of truth to guide thee,
Blackneſſe of darkneſſe will at laſt betide thee.

ODE 3.

1.

Tarry, O tarry, leſt thine heedleſſe haſt
Hurry thee headlong unto hell at laſt:
See, ſee, thine heart's already half-way there,
Thoſe gloomy ſhadowes, that encompaſſe it,
Are the vaſt confines of th'infernall pit.
O ſtay, and if thou lov'ſt not light, yet feare
That fatall darkneſſe, where
Such danger doth appeare.

2.

A night of ignorance hath overſpread
Thy mind and underſtanding: thou art led
Blindfolded by unbridled paſſion:
Thou wand'reſt in the crooked wayes of errour,
Leading directly to the King of terrour:
The courſe thou takeſt, if thou holdeſt on,
Will bury thee anon
In deep deſtruction.

3.

Whilſt thou art thus deprived of thy ſight,
Thou know'ſt no difference between noone and night,
Though the Sun ſhine, yet thou regard'ſt it not.
My love-alluring beauty cannot draw thee,
Nor doth my mind-amating terrour awe thee:
Like one that had both good and ill forgot,
Thou careſt not a jot
What falleth to thy lot.

4.

Thou art become unto thy ſelfe a ſtranger,
Obſerveſt not thine own deſert, or danger,
Thou know'ſt not what thou doſt, nor canſt thou tel
Whither thou goeſt: ſhooting in the darke
How canſt thou ever hope to hit the marke?
What expectation haſt thou to doe well,
That art content to dwell
Within the verge of hell?

5.

Alas, thou haſt not ſo much knowledge left,
As to conſider that thou art bereft
Of thine owne eye-ſight. But thou runn'ſt, as though
Thou ſaweſt all before thee: whilſt thy minde
To neereſt neceſſary things is blind.
Thou knoweſt nothing as thou ought'ſt to know,
Whilſt thou eſteemeſt ſo
The things that are below.

6.

Would ever any, that had eyes, miſtake
As thou art wont to doe: no difference make
Betwixt the way to heaven and to hell?

But, deſperatly devoted to deſtruction,
Rebell againſt the light, abhorre inſtruction?
As though thou did'ſt deſire with death to dwell,
Thou hateſt to heare tell
How yet thou maiſt doe well.

7.

Oh that thou didſt but ſee how blind thou art,
And feel the diſmall darkeneſſe of thine heart:
Then would'ſt thou labour for, and I would lend
My light to guide thee: that's not light alone,
But life, eyes, ſight, grace, glory, all in one. (bend,
Then ſhould'ſt thou know whither thoſe by-wayes
And that death in the end
On darkeneſſe doth attend.

Embleme 4.



CORDIS FVGA

columba seducta non habens COR. Osee 7. 11.

Quam fugeret fugitiua tuum COR *si* COR *haberes*

Non meminisse mei, non meminisse sui:

4. *Michel van Lochem excu*

The abſence of the Heart.

Prov. 17.16.

Wherefore is there a price in the hand of a foole to get wiſdome, ſeeing he hath no heart to it?

Epigr. 4.

Had'ſt thou an heart, thou fickle Fugitive,
How would thine heart hate and diſdaine to live
Mindfull of ſuch vaine trifles, as theſe be,
Reſting forgetfull of it ſelfe and me?

Ode 4.

The Soule. 1.

Brave, dainty, curious, rare, rich, precious things!
Able to make fate-blaſted mortals bleſt,
Peculiar treaſures, and delights for Kings,
That having pow'r of all would chooſe the beſt.
How doe I hugge mine happineſſe that have
Preſent poſſeſſion of what others crave?

Chriſt. 2.

Poore, ſilly, ſimple, ſenſe-beſotted ſoule,
Why doſt thou hugge thy ſelf-procured woes?
Releaſe thy freeborne thoughts, at leaſt controul
Thoſe paſſions, that enſlave thee to thy foes.
How would'ſt thou hate thy ſelf, if thou did'ſt know
The baſeneſſe of thoſe things thou prizeſt ſo!

The

The Soule. 3.

They talk of goodneſſe, vertue, piety,
Religion, honeſty, I know not what;
So let them talk for me: ſo long as I
Have goods and lands, and gold, and jewells, that
Both equall and excell all other treaſure, (ſure
Why ſhould I ſtrive to make their paine my plea-

Chriſt. 4.

So Swine neglect the pearles that lie before them,
Trample them under foote, and feed on draffe:
So fooles gild rotten Idols, and adore them,
Caſt all the corne away, and keep the chaffe.
That ever reaſon ſhould be blinded ſo,
To graſpe the ſhadow, let the ſubſtance goe!

The Soule. 5.

All's but opinion that the world accounts
Matter of worth: as this or that man ſets
A value on it, ſo the price amounts:
The ſound of ſtrings is vari'd by the frets.
My mind's my kingdome: why ſhould I withſtand,
Or queſtion that, which I my ſelfe command?

Chriſt. 6.

Thy tyrant paſſions captivate thy reaſon:
Thy luſts uſurpe the guidance of the mind:
Thy ſenſe-led fancy barters good for geaſon:
Thy ſeed is vanity, thine harveſt wind:
Thy rules are crooked, and thou writ'ſt awry:
Thy wayes are wand'ring, and thine end to die.

The Soule. 7.

This table ſummes me myriads of pleaſure:
That booke enroules mine honours inventory:
Theſe bags are ſtuft with millions of treaſure:

Thoſe

Thoſe writings evidence my ſtate of glory:
These bells ring heav'nly muſicke in mine eares,
To drown the noiſe of cumbrous cares and feare.

Chriſt. 8.

Thoſe pleaſures one day will procure thy paine:
That which thou glori'ſt in will be thy ſhame:
Thou'lt finde thy loſſe in what thou thought'ſt thy gaine:
Thine honour will put on another name.
That muſicke in the cloſe will ring thy knell,
In ſtead of heaven toll thee into hell.

9.

But why doe I thus waſt my words in vaine
On one, that's wholly taken up with toyes,
That will not looſe one dramme of earth to gaine
A full eternall weight of heav'nly joyes?
All's to no purpoſe, 'tis as good forbeare,
As ſpeak to one, that hath no heart to heare.

Embleme 5.



CORDIS VANITAS.

Qui mmoratur CORDE cogitat mania. Eccli. 16. 23

Ambitio follis vento distendit honorum
COR vanum; hanc spirat nil nisi grande NIHIL.
Michel van Lochem excu

The vanity of the Heart.

Iob 15.31.

Let not him that is deceived truſt in vanity, for vanity ſhall be his recompence.

Epigr. 5.

Ambitious bellowes with the wind of honour
Puffe up the ſwelling heart, that dotes upon her:
which fill'd with empty vanity breaths forth
Nothing, but ſuch things as are nothing worth.

Ode 5.

1.

The bane of kingdomes, worlds diſquieter,
Hells heire apparent, Satans eldeſt ſonne,
Abſtract of ills, refined Elixir,
And quinteſſence of ſinne, Ambition,
Sprung from th'infernall ſhades, inhabits here,
Making mans heart its horrid manſion,
Which, though it were of vaſt content before,
Is now puft up, and ſwells ſtill more and more.

2.

Whole armies of vaine thoughts it entertaines,
Is ſtuft with dreames of kingdomes and of Crownes,
Preſumes of profit without care or paines,
Threatens to baffle all its foes with frownes,

In

In ev'ry bargaine makes account of gaines,
Fancies ſuch frolicke mirth, as choakes and drownes
The voyce of conſcience, whoſe loud alarmes
Cannot be hard for pleaſures countercharmes.

3.

Wer't not for anger and for pity, who
Could chooſe but ſmile to ſee vaineglorious men
Racking their wits, ſtraining their ſinewes ſo,
That thorow their tranſparent thinneſſe, when
They mete with Wind and Sun, they quickly grow
Riv'led and dry, ſhrinke till they crack againe,
And all but to ſeeme greater then they are: (bare
Stretching their ſtrength they lay their weakneſſe

4.

See how hells Fueller his bellowes plies,
Blowing the fire, that burnt too faſt before:
See how the furnace flames, the ſparkles riſe
And ſpread themſelves abroad ſtill more and more:
See how the doating ſoule hath fixt her eyes
On her deare fooleries, and doth adore
With hands and heart lift up thoſe trifling toyes,
Wherewith the devill cheates her of her joyes.

5.

Alas, thou art deceiv'd, that glitt'ring crowne,
On which thou gazeſt, is not gold but grief,
That ſcepter ſorrow: if thou take them downe,
And try them, thou ſhalt find what poore relief
They could afford thee, though they were thine owne,
Didſt thou command ev'n all the world in chief,
Thy comforts would abate, thy cares encreaſe,
And thy perplexed thoughts diſturbe thy peace.

6.

Thoſe pearles ſo thorow pierc'd, and ſtrung together,

Though

Though jewells in thine eyes they may appeare,
Will prove continu'd perills, when the weather
Is clouded once, which yet is faire and cleare.
What will that fanne, though of the fineſt feather,
Steed thee, the brunt of windes and ſtormes to beare?
Thy flagging colours hang their drooping head,
And the ſhrill trumpets ſound ſhall ſtrike thee dead.

7.

Were all thoſe balls, which thou in ſport doſt toſſe,
Whole worlds, and in thy power to command,
The gaine would never countervaile the loſſe,
Thoſe ſlipp'ry globes will glide out of thine hand,
Thou canſt have no faſt hold but of the croſſe,
And thou wilt fall, where thou doſt thinke to ſtand.
Forſake theſe follies then, if thou wilt live:
Timely repentance may thy death reprive.

Embleme 6.



CORDIS AGGRAVATIO.

Filii hominum, usquequò graui CORDE, *Psal 4 3.*

Crapula et ebrietas, solidi duo pondera plumbi.
Nata polo, sursum tendere. CORDA vetant.

The oppreſsion of the Heart.

LVKE 21.34.

Take heed leſt at any time your hearts be overcharged with ſurfeiting and drunkenneſſe.

Epigr. 6.

Two maſſy weights, Surfeiting, Drunkenneſſe,
Like mighty logs of lead, doe ſo oppreſſe
The heav'n-borne hearts of men, that to aſpire
Vpwards they have nor power nor deſire.

ODE. 6.

1.

Monſter of ſins! See how th'inchanted ſoule
O'rcharg'd already calls for more.
See how the helliſh ſkinker plies his bowle,
And's ready furniſhed with ſtore,
Whilſt cups on every ſide
Planted attend the tide.

2.

See how the piled diſhes mounted ſtand,
Like hills advanced upon hills,
And the abundance both of ſea and land
Doth not ſuffice, ev'n what it fills,
Mans dropſy appetite,
And Cormorant delight.

3.

See how the poyſon'd body's puft, and ſwell'd,
The face enflamed glowes with heat,
The limbs unable are themſelves to welld,
The pulſes deaths alarme doe beat:
Yet man ſits ſtill, and laughs,
Whilſt his owne bane he quaffes.

4.

But where's thine heart the while, thou ſenſeleſſe ſot?
Looke how it lieth cruſht, and quell'd,
Flat beaten to the board, that it cannot
Move from the place, where it is held,
Nor upward once aſpire
With heavenly deſire.

5.

Thy belly is thy God, thy ſhame thy glory,
Thou mindeſt only earthly things;
And all thy pleaſure is but tranſitory,
Which grief at laſt and ſorrow brings:
The courſes thou doſt take
Will make thine heart to ake.

6.

Is't not enough to ſpend thy precious time
In empty idle complement,
Unleſſe thou ſtraine (to aggravate thy crime)
Nature beyond its owne extent,
And force it to devoure
An age within an houre?

7.

That which thou ſwallow'ſt is not loſt alone,
But quickly will revenged be,
By feaſting on thine heart, which like a ſtone

Lyes buri'd in the midd'ſt of thee,
Both void of common ſenſe
And reaſons excellence.

8.

Thy body is diſeaſes rendevouze,
Thy mind the market place of vice,
The devill in thy will keeps open houſe,
Thou liv'ſt, as though thou would'ſt intice
Hell torments unto thee,
And thine owne devill be.

9

Oh, what a dirty dunghill art thou growne,
A naſty ſtinking kennell foule!
When thou awak'ſt and ſeeſt what thou haſt done,
Sorrow will ſwallow up thy ſoule,
To think how thou art foyl'd,
And all thy glory ſpoyl'd.

10.

Or if thou canſt not be aſham'd, at leaſt
Have ſome compaſſion on thy ſelf:
Before thou art transformed all to beaſt,
At laſt ſtrike ſaile, avoid the ſhelf,
Which in that gulfe doth lie,
Where all that enter die.

Embleme 7.



CORDIS AVARITIA.

Diuitiæ si affluant, nolite COR apponere. *Psal. 61. 11.*

COR vbi sit quæris vaga et excors? scilicet hic est.
Est ubi, quod proprio plus tibi corde placet.

Michel van Lochem excu

The covetouſneſſe of the Heart.

MAT. 6.21.

Where your treaſure is, there will your heart be alſo.

Epigr. 7.

DOſt thou enquire, thou heartleſſe wanderer,
Where thine heart is? Behold, thine heart is here.
Here thine heart is, where that is, which above
Thine own deare heart thou doſt eſteem, and love.

ODE. 7.

1.

See the deceitfulneſſe of ſinne,
And how the devill cheateth worldly men:
They heap up riches to themſelves, and then
They think they cannot chooſe but winne,
Though for their parts
They ſtake their hearts.

2.

The Merchant ſends his heart to ſea:
And there together with his ſhip 'tis toſt:
If this by chance miſcarry, that is loſt,
His confidence is caſt away:
He hangs the head,
As he were dead.

3.

The Pedlar cryes, What doe you lack?
What will you buy? and boaſts his wares the beſt:
But offers you the refuſe of the reſt,
As though his heart lay in his pack,
Which greater gaine
Alone can draine.

4.

The Plowman furrowes up his land,
And ſowes his heart together with his ſeed,
Which both alike earth-borne on earth doe feed,
And proſper or are at a ſtand:
He and his field
Like fruit doe yeeld.

5.

The Broker, and the Scriv'ner have
The Us'rers heart in keeping with his bands:
His ſouls deare ſuſtenance lyes in their hands,
And if they break their ſhop's his grave.
His int'reſt is
His only bliſſe.

6.

The Money-horder in his bags
Binds up his heart, and locks it in his cheſt;
The ſame key ſerves to that, and to his breſt,
Which of no other heaven brags:
Nor can conceit
A joy ſo great.

7.

So for the greedy Landmunger:
The Purchaſes he makes in ev'ry part
Take livery and ſeiſin of his heart:

Yet

Yet his inſatiate hunger,
For all his ſtore,
Gapes after more.

8.

Poore wretched Muckwormes, wipe your eyes,
Uncaſe thoſe trifles that beſot you ſo:
Your rich appearing wealth is reall woe,
Your death in your deſires lyes.
Your hearts are where
You love, and feare.

9.

Oh, think not then the world deſerves
Either to be belov'd, or fear'd by you:
Give heaven theſe affections as its due,
Which alwayes what it hath preſerves
In perfect bliſſe
That endleſſe is.

Embleme 8.



CORDIS DVRITIES

COR ſuum poſuerunt ut adamantem ne audirent legem. Zach. 7. 12.

Nec te verba mouent, nec verbera, nec mea dona,
Ferrea preduri COR adamantis habens.

The hardneſſe of the Heart.

ZECH. 7. 12.

They made their hearts as an adamant ſtone, leſt they ſhould heare the Law.

Epigr. 8.

WOrds move thee not, nor works: nor gifts, nor ſtrokes
Thy ſturdy adamantine heart provokes
My Juſtice, ſleights my mercies: Anvile-like
Thou ſtand'ſt unmoved, though my hammer ſtrike.

ODE 8.

1.

What have we here? An heart? It lookes like one,
The ſhape, and colour ſpeake it ſuch:
But having brought it to the touch
I find it is no better then a ſtone.
Adamants are
Softer by farre.

2.

Long hath it ſteeped been in Mercies milke,
And ſoaked in ſalvation,
Meet for the alteration
Of anyills to have made them ſoft as ſilke;
Yet it is ſtill
Hard'ned in ill.

3.

Oft have I rain'd my Word upon it, oft
The dew of heaven hath diſtill'd,
With promiſes of mercy fill'd,
Able to make mountaines of marble ſoft:
Yet it is not
Changed a jot.

4.

My beames of love ſhine on it every day,
Able to thaw the thickeſt ice,
And where they enter in a trice
To make congealed Cryſtall melt away:
Yet warme they not
This frozen clot.

5.

Nay more, this hammer, that is wont to grind
Rocks unto duſt, and powder ſmall,
Makes no impreſſion at all,
Nor dint, nor crack, nor flaw, that I can find:
But leaves it as
Before it was.

6.

Is mine Almighty arme decai'd in ſtrength?
Or hath mine hammer loſt its weight?
That a poore lumpe of earth ſhould ſleight
My mercies, and not feele my wrath at length,
With which I make
Ev'n heav'n to ſhake?

7.

No, I am ſtill the ſame, I alter not,
And, when I pleaſe, my workes of wonder
Shall bring the ſtouteſt ſpirits under,

And make them to confeſſe it is their lot
To bow or break,
When I but ſpeak.

8.

But I would have men know, 't is not my Word,
Or works alone can change their hearts:
Theſe inſtruments performe their parts,
But 'tis my Spirit doth this fruit afford.
'Tis I, not art,
Can melt mans heart.

9.

Yet would they leave their cuſtomary ſinning,
And ſo unclench the devills clawes,
That keepes them captive in his pawes,
My bounty ſoone ſhould ſecond that beginning:
Ev'n hearts of ſteel
My force ſhould feel.

Embleme 9.



CORDIS DIVISIO.

Diuisum est COR eorum: nunc interibunt. *Osea. 10. 2.*

Me tibi cum totum dederim vamissima. CORDIS.
Cur mihi virgo tui pars aliquanta datur?

The diviſion of the Heart.

Hos. 10.2.

Their heart is divided; now ſhall they be found faulty.

Epigr. 9.

VAine triſling Virgin, I my ſelfe have given
Wholly to thee: and ſhall I now be driven
To reſt contented with a petty part,
That have deſerved more then a whole heart?

Ode. 9.

1.

More miſchiefe yet? was't not enough before
To robbe me wholly of thine heart,
Which I alone
Should call mine owne,
But thou muſt mock me with a part?
Crowne injury with ſcorne to make it more?

2.

What's a whole heart? ſcarce fleſh enough to ſerve
A Kite one breakfaſt: how much leſſe,
If it ſhould be
Offer'd to me?
Could it ſufficiently expreſſe
What I for making it at firſt deſerve?

3.

I gave't thee whole, and fully furniſhed
With all its faculties entire,
There wanted not
The ſmalleſt jot,
That ſtricteſt juſtice could require
To render it compleatly perfected.

4.

And is it reaſon what I gave in groſſe
Should be return'd but by retaile?
To take ſo ſmall
A part for all,
I reckon of no more availe,
Then where I ſcatter gold to gather droſſe.

5.

Give me thine heart but as I gave it thee:
Or give it me at leaſt as I
Have given mine
To purchaſe thine.
I halv'd it not when I did die:
But gave my ſelf wholly to ſet thee free.

6.

The heart I gave thee was a living heart,
And when thine heart by ſinne was ſlaine,
I laid downe mine
To ranſome thine,
That thy dead heart might live againe,
And live entirely perfect, not in part.

7.

But whilſt thine heart's divided it is dead,
Dead unto me, unleſſe it live
To me alone,
It is all one

To

To keepe all, and a part to give :
For what's a body worth without an head ?

8.

Yet this is worſe, that what thou keep'ſt from me
Thou doſt beſtow upon my foes :
And thoſe not mine
Alone but thine,
The proper cauſes of thy woes,
For whom I gave my life to ſet thee free.

9.

Have I betroth'd thee to my ſelfe, and ſhall
The devill, and the world, intrude
Upon my right,
Ev'n in my ſight?
Think not thou canſt me ſo delude.
I will have none, unleſſe I may have all.

10.

I made it all, I gave it all to thee,
I gave all that I had for it :
If I muſt looſe,
I'll rather chooſe
Mine intereſt in all to quit :
Or keep it whole, or give it whole to me.

Embleme 10



CORDIS INSATIABILITAS.

Insatiabilis oculus cupidi. Eccli. 14. 9.

Non triquetrum toto COR est Satiabile mundo.
Solum, quæ fecit, COR replet vna trias.

10 *Michel van Iochem excu*

The inſatiableneſſe of the Heart.

HAB. 2.5.

Who inlargeth his deſire as hell, and is as death, and cannot be ſatisfied.

Epigr. 10.

THe whole round world is not enough to fill
The Hearts three corners, but it craveth ſtill.
Onely the Trinity, that made it, can
Suffice the vaſt triangled heart of man.

ODE. 10.

1.

The thirſty earth and barren wombe cry, Give:
The grave devoureth all that live:
The fire ſtill burneth on, and never ſaith,
It is enough: The horſeleech hath
Many more daughters: but the heart of man
Outgapes them all as much as heav'n one ſpan.

2.

Water hath drown'd the earth: the barren wombe
Hath teem'd ſometimes, and been the tombe
To its owne ſwelling iſſue: and the grave
Shall one day a ſicke ſurfeit have:
When all the fuell is conſum'd, the fire
Will quench it ſelfe, and of it ſelf expire.

3.

3.

But the vaſt heart of man's inſatiate,
His boundleſſe appetites dilate
Themſelves beyond all limits, his deſires
Are endleſſe ſtill: whilſt he aſpires
To happineſſe, and faine would find that treaſure
Where it is not, his wiſhes know no meaſure.

4.

His eye with ſeeing is not ſatisfi'd,
Nor's eare with hearing: he hath tri'd
At once to furniſh e'ry ſev'rall ſenſe
With choice of curious objects, whence
He might extract, and into one unite
A perfect quinteſſence of all delight.

5.

Yet, having all that he can fancy, ſtill
There wanteth ſomething more to fill
His empty appetite. His mind is vext,
And he is inwardly perplext
He knowes not why: when as the truth is this,
He would find ſomething there where nothing is.

6.

He rambles over all the faculties,
Ranſacks the ſecret treaſuries
Of Art and Nature, ſpells the Univerſe
Letter by letter, can reherſe
All the Records of time, pretends to know
Reaſons of all things, why they muſt be ſo.

7.

Yet is not ſo contented, but would faine
Prie in Gods Cabinet, and gaine
Intelligence from heav'n of things to come,
Anticipate the day of Doome,

And

And read the iſſues of all actions ſo,
As if Gods ſecret counſells he did know.

8.

Let him have all the wealth, all the renowne,
And glory, that the world can crowne
Her deareſt darlings with; yet his deſire
Will not reſt there, but ſtill aſpire.
Earth cannot hold him, nor the whole creation
Containe his wiſhes, or his expectation.

9.

The heart of man's but little, yet this All
Compared thereunto's but ſmall,
Of ſuch a large unparallel'd extenſe
Is the ſhort-lin'd circumference
Of that three-corner'd figure, which to fill
With the round world is to leave empty ſtill.

10.

Go greedy ſoule, addreſſe thy ſelfe to heav'n,
And leave the world, as 't is, bereav'n
Of all true happineſſe, or any thing
That to thine heart content can bring,
But there a trine-une God in glory ſits,
Who all grace-thirſting hearts both fills and fits.

Embleme 11.



CORDIS REVERSIO.

Redite prævaricatores ad COR. Isai. 46.

Quin mihi iam toties reuocata reuerteris ad COR !

Nolle redire, merum velle perire, puta.

Michel uan Iochem excū.

The returning of the Heart.

Isay 46.8.

Remember this, and ſhew your ſelves men: bring it again to heart, O ye tranſgreſſors.

Epigr. 11.

Oft have I call'd thee: O returne at laſt,
Returne unto thine heart: let the time paſt
Suffice thy wanderings: know that to cheriſh
Revolting ſtill is a meer will to periſh.

Ode. 11.

Chriſt. 1.

Returne O wanderer, returne, returne.
Let me not alwayes waſt my words in vaine
As I have done too long. Why doſt thou ſpurn (gain?
And kick the counſells that ſhould bring thee back a-

The Soule. 2.

What's this that checks my courſe? Me thinks I feel
A cold remiſneſſe ſeiſing on my mind:
My ſtagger'd reſolutions ſeem to reel,
As though they had in haſt forgot mine heart behind.

Chriſt. 3.

Returne, O wanderer, returne, returne.
Thou art already gone too farre away,
It is enough: unleſſe thou meane to burne
In hell for ever, ſtop thy courſe at laſt and ſtay.

The Soule. 4.

There's ſomething holds me back, I cannot move

Forward

Forward one foot: me thinks the more I ſtrive
The leſſe I ſtirre. Is there a pow'r above
My will in me, that can my purpoſes reprive?

Chriſt. 5.

No power of thine own: 't is I, that lay
Mine hand upon thine haſte: whoſe will can make
The reſtleſſe motions of the heavens ſtay, (take.
Stand ſtill, turne back againe, or new found courſes

The Soule. 6.

What? am I riveted, or rooted here?
That neither forward, nor on either ſide
I can get looſe? Then there's no hope I feare,
But I muſt back againe, what ever me betide.

Chriſt. 7.

And back again thou ſhalt. I'll have it ſo.
Though thou haſt hitherto my voyce neglected,
Now I have handed thee, I'll have thee know,
That what I will have done ſhall not be uneffected.

The Soule. 8.

Thou wilt prevaile then, and I muſt returne.
But how? or whither? when a world of ſhame,
And ſorrow, lies before me, and I burne
With horror in my ſelf to think upon the ſame.

9.

Shall I returne to thee? Alas, I have
No hope to be received: a runne-away,
A rebell to returne! mad men may rave
Of mercy miracles, but what will Juſtice ſay?

10.

Shall I returne to mine owne heart? Alas,
'Tis loſt, and dead, and rotten long ago,
I cannot find it what at firſt it was,
And it hath been too long the cauſe of all my woe.

11.

Shall I forſake my pleaſures, and delights,
My profits, honours, comforts, and contents,
For that, the thought whereof my mind affrights,
Repentant ſorrow, that the ſoule aſunder rents?

12.

Shall I returne, that cannot though I would?
I, that had ſtrength enough to go aſtray,
Find my ſelf faint, and feeble, now I ſhould
Returne. I cannot runne, I cannot creep this way.

13.

What ſhall I doe? Forward I muſt not goe,
Backward I cannot: if I tarry here,
I ſhall be drowned in a world of woe,
And antidate mine own damnation by deſpaire.

14.

But is't not better hold that which I have,
Then unto future expectation truſt?
Oh no: to reaſon thus is but to rave.
Therefore returne I will, becauſe returne I muſt.

Chriſt.

15.

Returne, and welcome: if thou wilt thou ſhalt.
Although thou canſt not of thy ſelfe, yet I,
That call, can make thee able. Let the fault
Be mine, if when thou wilt returne I let thee lie.

Embleme 12.



CORDIS EFFVSIO.

Effunde, ſicut aquam COR tuum ante conſpectum Domini *Thren: 2. 19.*

Vota quid occluſo, quid vulnera pectore celas?
Ante Deum fuſę COR natet, inſtar aquę

The powring out of the Heart.

LAM. 2. 19.

Powre out thine heart like water before the face of the Lord.

Epigr. 12.

WHy dost thou hide thy wounds? why dost thou hide
In thy close breast thy wishes, and so side
With thine owne soares and sorrowes? Like a spout
Of water let thine heart to God break out.

ODE. 12.

The Soule. 1.

Can death, or hell, be worse then this estate?
Anguish, amazement, horror, and confusion,
Drowne my distracted mind in deep distresse.
My grief's grown so transcendent, that I hate
To heare of comfort, as a false Conclusion
Vainly inferr'd from feigned Premises.
What shall I do? what strange course shall I try,
That, though I loath to live, yet dare not die?

Christ. 2.

Be rul'd by me, I'll teach thee such a way,
As that thou shalt not onely draine thy mind
From that destructive deluge of distresse,
That overwhelmes thy thoughts, but clear the day,
And soone recover light, and strength to find,
And to regaine thy long lost happinesse.
Confesse, & pray. Say what it is doth aile thee, (thee.
What thou wouldst have, and that shall soon availe

The Soule. 3.

Confeſſe and pray? If that be all, I will.
Lord, I am ſick, and thou art health, reſtore me.
Lord, I am weake, and thou art ſtrength, ſuſtaine me.
Thou art all goodneſſe, Lord, and I all ill.
Thou Lord, art holy, I uncleane before thee.
Lord, I am poor, and thou art rich, maintaine me.
Lord, I am dead, and thou art life, revive me.
Juſtice condemnes, let mercy, Lord, reprieve me.

4.

A wretched miſcreant I am, compos'd
Of ſinne, and miſery; 't is hard to ſay,
Which of the two allyes me moſt to hell:
Native corruption makes me indiſpos'd
To all that's good, but apt to go aſtray,
Prone to doe ill, unable to doe well.
My light is darkneſſe, and my liberty
Bondage, my beauty foule deformity.

5.

A plague of leproſie o'rſpreadeth all
My pow'rs, and faculties: I um uncleane,
I am uncleane: my liver broyles with luſt,
Rancor and malice overflow my gall,
Envy my bones doth rot, and keep me leane,
Revengefull wrath makes me forget what's juſt:
Mine eare's uncircumcis'd, mine eye is evill,
And hating goodneſſe makes me parcell devill.

6.

My callous conſcience is cauteriz'd;
My trembling heart ſhakes with continuall feare:
My frantick paſſions fill my mind with madneſſe:
My windy thoughts with pride are tympaniz'd:
My poys'nous tongue ſpits venome ev'ry where:

My

My wounded ſpirit's ſwallow'd up with ſadneſſe:
Impatient diſcontentment plagues me ſo,
I neither can ſtand ſtill, nor forward goe.

7.

Lord, I am all diſeaſes: hoſpitalls,
And bills of Mountebanks, have not ſo many,
Nor halfe ſo bad. Lord, heare, and help, and heale me.
Although my guiltineſſe for vengeance calls,
And colour of excuſe I have not any,
Yet thou haſt goodneſſe, Lord, that may availe me.
Lord, I have powr'd out all my heart to thee:
Vouchſafe one drop of mercy unto me.

Embleme 13.



CORDIS CIRCVMCISIO.

Circumcidite præputium

CORDIS ueſtri. *Deuteron. 10. 16.*

Crux capulum, chalybem cultro dat lancea, dant
Ferrum, hoc COR circum-cide deoqs ſacra.

The circumciſion of the Heart.

DEVT. 10. 16.

Circumciſe the foreskin of your heart, and be no more ſtiffnecked.

Epigr. 13.

HEre, take thy Saviours croſſe, the nailes, and ſpeare,
That for thy ſake his holy fleſh did teare:
uſe them as knives thine heart to circumciſe,
And dreſſe thy God a pleaſing ſacrifice.

ODE. 13.

1.

Heale thee? I will. But firſt I'll let thee know
What it comes to.
The plaiſter was prepared long agoe:
But thou muſt doe
Something thy ſelfe, that it may bee
Effectually apply'd to thee.

2.

I, to that end, that I might cure thy ſores,
Was ſlaine, and dy'd,
By mine owne people was turn'd out of doores,
And crucify'd:
My ſide was pierced with a ſpeare,
And nailes my hands and feet did teare.

3.

Doe thou then to thy ſelfe, as they to mee:
Make haſte, and try,
The old man, that is yet alive in thee,
To crucifie.

Till he be dead in thee, my blood
Is like to doe thee little good:

4.

My courſe of phyſick is to cure the ſoule
By killing ſinne.
So then, thine owne corruptions to controule
Thou muſt beginne.
Untill thine heart be circumcis'd,
My death will not be duly priz'd.

5.

Conſider then my croſſe, my nailes, and ſpeare,
And let that thought
Cut Raſor-like thine heart, when thou doſt heare,
How deare I bought
Thy freedome from the pow'r of ſinne,
And that diſtreſſe which thou waſt in.

6.

Cut out the iron ſinew of thy neck,
That it may be
Supple, and pliant to obey my beck,
And learne of me.
Meekneſſe alone, and yeelding, hath
A power to appeaſe my wrath.

7.

Shave off thine hairy ſcalpe, thoſe curled locks
Powd'red with pride,
Wherewith thy ſcornfull heart my judgements mocks,
And thinks to hide
Its thunder-threatned head, which bared
Alone is likely to be ſpared.

8.

Rippe off thoſe ſeeming robes, but reall rags,
Which earth admires

As honourable ornaments, and brags
That it attires,
Cumbers thee with indeed. Thy ſores.
Feſter with what the world adores.

9.

Clip thine Ambitions wings, let downe thy plumes,
And learne to ſtoope,
Whilſt thou haſt time to ſtand. Who ſtill preſumes
Of ſtrength will droope
At laſt, and flagge, when he ſhould flye.
Falls hurt them moſt that climbe moſt high

10.

Scrape off that ſcaly ſcurffe of vanities,
That clogges thee ſo:
Profits and pleaſures are thoſe enemies,
That worke thy woe.
If thou wilt have me cure thy wounds,
Firſt ridde each humor that abounds.

Embleme 14.



CORDIS CONTRITIO.

COR contritum et humiliatum, Deus, non despicies, *Psal. 50. 19.*

In partes quam mille velim contundere COR *hoc,*
Quod fuit auctori sponte rebelle suo.

14 *Michel van Lochem excu.*

The contrition of the Heart.

PSAL. 51.17.

A broken and contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not deſpiſe.

Epigr. 14.

HOw gladly would I bruiſe, and breake this heart
Into a thouſand pieces, till the ſmart
Make it confeſſe, that, of its owne accord,
It wilfully rebell'd againſt the Lord?

ODE. 14.

1.

Lord, if I had an arme of pow'r like thine,
And could effect what I deſire,
My love-drawne heart, like ſmalleſt wyre,
Bended and writhen, ſhould together twine,
And twiſted ſtand
With thy command:
Thou ſhould'ſt no ſooner bid, but I would goe,
Thou ſhould'ſt not will the thing I would not doe.

2.

But I am weake, Lord, and corruption ſtrong:
When I would faine doe what I ſhould,
Then I cannot doe what I would:
Mine action's ſhort, when mine intention's long:
Though my deſire
Be quick as fire,

Yet my performance is as dull as earth,
And ſtifles its own iſſue in the birth.

3.

But what I can doe, Lord, I will, ſince what
I would I cannot: I will try
Whether mine heart, that's hard and dry,
Being calm'd, and tempered with that
Liquor which falls
From mine eye-balls,
Will worke more pliantly, and yeeld to take
Such new impreſſion as thy grace ſhall make.

4.

In mine owne conſcience then, as in a mortar
I'le place mine heart, and bray it there:
If griefe for what is paſt, and feare
Of what's to come be a ſufficient torture,
I'le breake it all
In pieces ſmall:
Sinne ſhall not finde a ſheard without a flaw,
Wherein to lodge one luſt againſt thy law.

5.

Remember then, mine heart, what thou haſt done;
What thou haſt left undone: the ill
Of all my thoughts, words, deeds, is ſtill
Thy curſed iſſue onely: thou art growne
To ſuch a paſſe,
That never was,
Nor is, nor will there be, a ſinne ſo bad,
But thou ſome way therein an hand haſt had.

6.

Thou haſt not been content alone to ſinne,
But haſt made others ſinne with thee,
Yea made their ſinnes thine owne to be,

By liking, and allowing them therein.
Who firſt beginnes,
Or followes, ſinnes
Not his owne ſinnes alone, but ſinneth o're
All the ſame ſinnes, both after, and before.

7.

What boundleſſe ſorrow can ſuffice a guilt
Growne ſo tranſcendent? Should thine eye
Weepe ſeas of blood, thy ſighes outvie
The winds when with the waves they run at tilt,
Yet they could not
Cancell one blot.
The leaſt of all thy ſinnes againſt thy God
Deſerves a thunderbolt ſhould be thy rod.

8.

Break then, mine heart: and ſince thou cannot grieve
Enough at once, while thou art whole,
Shiver thy ſelf to duſt, and dole
Thy ſorrow to the ſev'rall atomes, give
All to each part,
And by that art
Strive thy diſſever'd ſelf to multiply,
And want of weight with number to ſupply.

Embleme 15.



CORDIS HVMILIATIO.

Deprime COR tuum et ſuſtine. Eccli. 2. 2.

COR nimis heu ſese gaudens ſublimibus effert:
Ni ſuper impoſitum deprimat illud onus.

Michel van Iochem excu.

15

The humiliation of the Heart.

Eccl. 7.9.

The patient in ſpirit is better then the proud in ſpirit.

Epigr. 15.

MInc heart, alas, exalts it ſelf too high,
And doth delight a loftier pitch to flye,
Then it is able to maintaine, unleſſe
It feel the weight of thine impoſed preſſe.

Ode. 15.

1.

So let it be,
Lord, I am well content,
And thou ſhalt ſee
The time is not miſ-ſpent,
Which thou doſt then beſtow, when thou doſt quell
And cruſh the heart, that pride before did ſwell.

2.

Lord, I perceive
As ſoone as thou doſt ſend,
And I receive
The bleſſings thou doſt lend,
Mine heart begins to mount, and doth forget
The ground whereon it goes, where it is ſet.

3.

In health I grew
Wanton, began to kick,
As though I knew
I never ſhould be ſick.
Diſeaſes take me downe, and make me know,
Bodies of braſſe muſt pay the death they owe.

4.

If I but dreame
Of wealth, mine heart doth riſe
With a full ſtreame
Of pride, and I deſpiſe
All that is good, untill I wake, and ſpie
The ſwelling bubble prickt with poverty.

5.

A little wind
Of undeſerved praiſe
Blowes up my mind,
And my ſwoll'n thoughts doth raiſe
Above themſelves, untill the ſenſe of ſhame
Makes me contemne my ſelf-diſhonour'd name.

6.

One moments mirth
Would make me run ſtarke mad,
And the whole earth,
Could it at once be had,
Would not ſuffice my greedy appetite,
Did'ſt thou not paine in ſtead of pleaſure write.

7.

Lord, it is well,
I was in time brought downe,
Elſe thou canſt tell,
Mine heart would ſoone have flow'n

Full

Full in thy face, and ſtudi'd to requite
The riches of thy goodneſſe with deſpight.

8.

Slack not thine hand,
Lord, turne thy Screw about:
If thy Preſſe ſtand,
Mine heart may chance ſlip out.
O queſt it unto nothing, rather then
It ſhould forget it ſelfe, and ſwell again.

9.

Or if thou art
Diſpos'd to let it goe,
Lord, teach mine heart
To lay it ſelfe as low,
As thou canſt caſt it: that proſperity
May ſtill be temper'd with humility.

10.

Thy way to riſe
Was to deſcend: let me
My ſelfe deſpiſe,
And ſo aſcend with thee.
Thou throw'ſt them down, that lift themſelves on high,
And raiſeſt them, that on the ground doe lie.

Embleme 16.



CORDIS EMOLLITIO.

Deus molliuit COR meum. *Iob. 23. 16*

COR, marmor glaciale. Deus, cœu cera, liqueſcet.
Vrere cum tuus hoc ceperit ignis amor.

Michel van Iochem excū.

The ſoftening of the Heart.

IOB 23.16.

God maketh my heart ſoft.

Epigr. 16.

MIne heart is of it ſelfe a marble ice,
Both cold, and hard: but thou canſt in a trice
Melt it like waxe, great God, if from above
Thou kindle in it once thy fire of love.

ODE. 16.

1.

Nay, bleſſed Founder, leave me not:
If out of all this grot
There can but any gold be got,
The time thou doſt beſtow, the coſt,
And paines will not be loſt:
The bargaine is but hard at moſt.
And ſuch are all thoſe thou doſt make with me:
Thou know'ſt thou canſt not but a loſer be.

2.

When the Sun ſhines with glitt'ring beames,
His cold diſpelling gleames
Turne ſnow, and ice to wat'ry ſtreames.
The waxe, as ſoone as it hath ſmelt
The warmth of fire, and felt
The glowing heat thereof, will melt.

Yea

Yea pearles with vinegar dissolve we may,
And adamants in bloud of goats, they say.

3.

If nature can doe this, much more,
Lord, may thy grace restore
Mine heart to what it was before.
There's the same matter in it still,
Though new inform'd with ill,
Yet can it not resist thy will.
Thy pow'r, that fram'd it at the first, as oft
As thou wilt have it, Lord, can make it soft.

4.

Thou art the Sun of righteousnesse:
And though I must confesse
Mine heart's growne hard in wickednesse,
Yet thy resplendent rayes of light,
When once they come in sight,
Will quickly thawe what froze by night.
Lord, in thine healing wings a pow'r doth dwell
Able to melt the hardest heart in hell.

5.

Although mine heart in hardnesse passe
Both iron, steel, and brasse,
Yea th'hardest thing that ever was,
Yet, if thy fire thy Spirit accord,
And working with thy word
A blessing unto it afford,
It will grow liquid, and not drop alone,
But melt it self away before thy throne.

6.

Yea, though my flinty heart be such,
That the Sun cannot touch,
Nor fire sometimes affect it much,
Yet thy warme reeking self-shed blood,

O Lamb of God, 's ſo good
It cannot alwayes be withſtood.
That Aqua-regia of thy love prevailes,
Ev'n where thy powers Aqua-fortis failes.

7.

Then leave me not ſo ſoon, dear Lord,
Though I neglect thy Word,
And what thy power doth afford,
Yet try thy mercy, and thy love,
The force thereof may move,
When all things elſe ſucceſleſſe prove.
Soakt in thy bloud mine heart will ſoone ſurrender
Its native hardneſſe, and grow ſoft, and tender.

Emblem 17.



CORDIS MVNDATIO.

Laua a malitiâ COR tuum. Jirem. 4. 14.

Fons scaturit lateris transfixi vulnere sponsi
Hoc CORDIS *maculas abluit sponsa tui.*

Bel uan lochem extu.

The cleanſing of the Heart.

IER. 5. 14.

O Jeruſalem waſh thine heart from wickedneſſe, that thou maiſt be ſaved.

Epigr. 17.

OVt of thy wounded husbands Saviours ſide,
Eſpouſed ſoul, there flowes with a full tide
A fountaine for uncleanneſſe: waſh thee there,
waſh there thine heart, and then thou need'ſt not feare.

ODE. 17.

1.

O endleſſe miſery!
I labour ſtill, but ſtill in vaine.
The ſtaines of ſinne I ſee
Are oaded all, or di d in graine.
There's not a blot
Will ſtirre a jot
For all that I can doe:
There is no hope
In Fullers ſope,
Though I adde nitre too.

2.

I many wayes have tri'd,
Have often ſoakt it in cold feares,
And, when a time I ſpi'd,
Powred upon it ſcalding teares,
Have rins'd, and rub'd,
And ſcrap't and ſcrub'd,

And

And turn'd it up, and downe:
Yet can I not
Waſh out one ſpot,
It's rather fouler growne.

3.

O miſerable ſtate!
Who would be troubled with an heart,
As I have been of late,
Both to my ſorrow, ſhame, and ſmart?
If it will not
Be cleaner got,
'T were better I had none.
Yet how ſhould we
Divided be,
That are not two, but one?

4.

But am I not ſtarke wilde,
That go about to waſh mine heart
With hands that are defil'd,
As much as any other part?
Whilſt all thy teares,
Thine hopes, and feares,
Both ev'ry word, and deed,
And thought is foule,
Poore filly ſoule,
How canſt thou looke to ſpeed?

5.

Can there no helpe be had?
Lord, thou art holy, thou art pure:
Mine heart is not ſo bad,
So foule, but thou canſt cleanſe it ſure.
Speak, bleſſed Lord,
Wilt thou afford
Me meanes to make it cleane?

I know thou wilt:
Thy bloud were ſpilt
Should it runne ſtill in vaine.

6.

Then to that bleſſed ſpring,
Which from my Saviours ſacred ſide
Doth flow, mine heart I'll bring,
And there it will be puriſi'd.
Although the dye,
Wherein I lie,
Crimſon, or ſcarlet were,
This bloud I know
Will make't, as ſnow,
Or wooll, both cleane, and cleere.

Emblem. 18.



CORDIS DONATIO.

Præbe, fili mi, COR tuum mihi. Prou. 23. 26

Vnice CORDIS *amor, timor vnice* CORDIS *Jesu.*

COR tibi dono meum. COR mihi redde tuum.

The giving of the Heart.

PROV. 23.21.

My ſonne give me thine heart.

Epigr. 18.

THe onely love, the onely feare, thou art,
Dear, and dread Saviour, of my ſin-ſick heart.
Thine heart thou gaveſt, that it might be mine:
Take thou mine heart then, that it may be thine.

ODE. 18.

1.

Give thee mine heart? Lord ſo I would,
And there's great reaſon that I ſhould,
If it were worth the having:
Yet ſure thou wilt eſteem that good,
Which thou haſt purchas'd with thy bloud,
And thought it worth the craving.

2.

Give thee mine heart? Lord, ſo I will,
If thou wilt firſt impart the ſkill
Of bringing it to thee:
But ſhould I truſt my ſelfe to give
Mine heart, as ſure as I doe live,
I ſhould deceived be.

3.

As all the value of mine heart
Proceeds from favour, not deſert,
Acceptance is its worth:

So neither know I how to bring
A preſent to my heav'nly King,
Unleſſe he ſet it forth.

4.

Lord of my life, me thinkes I heare
Thee ſay, that thee alone to feare,
And thee alone to love,
Is to beſtow mine heart on thee,
That other giving none can be,
Whereof thou wilt approve.

5.

And well thou doſt deſerve to be
Both loved, Lord, and fear'd by me,
So good, ſo great, thou art:
Greatneſſe ſo good, goodneſſe ſo great,
As paſſeth all finite conceit,
And raviſheth mine heart.

6.

Should I not love thee, bleſſed Lord,
Who freely of thine owne accord
Laid'ſt downe thy life for me?
For me, that was not dead alone,
But deſp'ratly tranſcendent grown
In enmitie to thee?

7.

Should I not feare before thee, Lord,
Whoſe hand ſpannes heaven, at whoſe word
Devills themſelves doe quake?
Whoſe eyes out-ſhine the Sunne, whoſe beck
Can the whole courſe of Nature check,
And its foundations ſhake?

8.

Should I with-hold mine heart from thee,

The

The fountaine of felicity,
Before whoſe preſence is
Fulneſſe of joy, at whoſe right hand
All pleaſures in perfection ſtand,
And everlaſting bliſſe?

9.

Lord, had I hearts a million,
And myriads in ev'ry one
Of choiſeſt loves, and feares,
They were too little to beſtow
On thee, to whom I all things owe,
I ſhould be in arreares.

10.

Yet, ſince mine heart's the moſt I have,
And that which thou doſt chiefely crave,
Thou ſhalt not of it miſſe.
Although I cannot give it ſo,
As I ſhould doe, I'll offer't though:
Lord take it, here it is.

Embleme 19.



CORDIS SACRIFICIVM.

Sacrificium DEO, ſpiritus contribulatus. *Pſal.* 50. 19.

Non vituli cæſiue Deo placet hoſtia tauri:
COR mihi qui dedit hic COR ſibi poſcit amor.

The Sacrifice of the Heart.

PSAL 51.17.

The ſacrifices of God are a broken heart.

Epigr. 19.

NOr calves, nor bulls, are ſacrifices good
Enough for thee, who gav'ſt for me thy bloud,
And more then that, thy life: Take thine own part,
Great God, that gaveſt all, here take mine heart.

ODE. 19.

1.

Thy former covenant of old,
Thy Law of Ordinances, did require
Fat ſacrifices from the fold,
And many other off'rings made by fire.
Whilſt thy firſt Tabernacle ſtood,
All things were conſecrate with bloud.

2.

And can thy better Covenant,
Thy law of grace, and truth by Jeſus Chriſt,
Its proper ſacrifices want
For ſuch an Altar, and for ſuch a Prieſt?
No, no, thy Goſpell doth require
Choyſe off'rings too, and made by fire.

3.

A ſacrifice for ſinne indeed,
Lord, thou didſt make thy ſelf, and once for all:
So that there never will be need
Of any more ſin-off'rings, great, or ſmall.

The life-bloud thou did'ſt ſhed for me,
Hath ſet my ſoule for ever free.

4.

Yea, the ſame ſacrifice thou doſt
Still offer in behalfe of thine elect:
And to improve it to the moſt,
Thy Word, and Sacraments doe in effect
Offer thee oft, and ſacrifice
Thee daily in our eares, and eyes.

5.

Yea, each beleeving ſoule may take
Thy ſacrificed fleſh, and bloud by faith,
And therewith an atonement make
For all its treſpaſſes, thy Goſpell ſaith.
Such infinite tranſcendent price
Is there in thy ſweet ſacrifice.

6.

But is this all? Muſt there not be
Peace-offerings, and ſacrifices of
Thankſgiving tendered unto thee?
Yes, Lord, I know I ſhould but mock, and ſcoffe
Thy ſacrifice for ſinne, ſhould I
My ſacrifice of praiſe deny.

7.

But I have nothing of mine owne
Worthy to be preſented in thy ſight,
Yea the whole world affords not one
Or Ramme, or Lambe, wherein thou canſt delight.
Leſſe then my ſelf it muſt not be:
For thou didſt give thy ſelf for me.

8.

My ſelf then I muſt ſacrifice:
And ſo I will, mine heart, the onely thing

Thou

Thou doſt above all other prize
As thine owne part, the beſt I have to bring.
An humble heart's a ſacrifice,
Which I know thou wilt not deſpiſe.

9.

Lord, be my altar, ſanctifie
Mine heart thy ſacrifice, and let thy Spirit
Kindle thy fire of love, that I,
Burning with zeale to magnifie thy merit,
May both conſume my ſinnes, and raiſe
Eternall trophies to thy praiſe.

Embleme 20.



CORDIS PONDERATIO.

Appendit CORDA Dominus. *prouerb.* 21. 2.

Quod mihi donasti, magno pro munere non est
Si neget hoc. iusti ponderis æqua bilanx.
Michel van Iochem excu.

The weighing of the Heart.

PROV. 21.2.

The Lord pondereth the heart.

Epigr. 20.

THe heart thou giv'ſt as a great gift, my love,
Brought to the triall nothing ſuch will prove,
If Iuſtice equall ballance tell thy ſight
That weighed with my Law it is too light.

ODE 20.

1.

'Tis true indeed, an heart
Such as it ought to be,
Entire, and ſound in ev'ry part,
Is alwayes welcome unto me.
He that would pleaſe me with an offering
Cannot a better have, although he were a King.

2.

And there is none ſo poore,
But if he will he may
Bring me an heart, although no more,
And on mine altar may it lay.
The ſacrifice which I like beſt, is ſuch (grutch
As rich men cannot boaſt, and poore men need not

3.

Yet ev'ry heart is not
A gift ſufficient,
It muſt be purg'd from ev'ry ſpot,
And all to pieces muſt be rent.

Though thou haſt ſought to circumciſe, and bruiſe't,
It muſt be weighed too, or elſe I ſhall refuſe't.

4.

My ballances are juſt,
My Law's an equall weight,
The beame is ſtrong, and thou maiſt truſt
My ſteady hand to hold it ſtreight.
Were thine heart equall to the world in ſight,
Yet it were nothing worth, if it ſhould prove too light.

5.

And ſo thou ſee'ſt it doth,
My pond'rous Law doth preſſe
This ſcale, but that, as fill'd with froth,
Tilts up, and makes no ſhew of ſtreſſe.
Thine heart is empty ſure, or elſe it would
In weight, as well as bulke, better proportion hold.

6.

Search it, and thou ſhalt find
It wants integrity,
And is not yet ſo thorow lin'd
With ſingle-ey'd ſincerity,
As it ſhould be: ſome more humility (ſtancy.
There wants to make it weight, and ſome more con-

7.

Whilſt windy vanity
Doth puffe it up with pride,
And double-fac'd hypocriſie
Doth many empty hollowes hide,
It is but good in part, and that but little,
Wav'ring unſtaidneſſe makes its reſolutions brittle.

8.

The heart, that in my ſight
As currant coyne would paſſe,

Muſt

Muſt not be the leaſt graine too light,
But as at firſt it ſtamped was.
Keep then thine heart till it be better growne,
And, when it is full weight, I'll take it for mine owne.

9.

But if thou art aſham'd
To find thine heart ſo light,
And art afraid thou ſhalt be blam'd,
I'll teach thee how to ſet it right.
Adde to my Law my Goſpell, and there ſee
My merits thine, and then the ſcales will equall be.

Embleme 21.



CORDIS PROBATIO.

Sicut igne probatur argentum.et aurum camino
ita CORDA probat Dominus. *proverb. 17, 3*

COR rutilo, dilecta. tuum pretiosius auro.
Impuram scoriam si prius igne edat.

The trying of the Heart.

PROV. 17. 3.

The fining pot for ſilver, and the furnace for gold: but the Lord trieth the hearts.

Epigr. 21.

THine heart, my deer, more precious is then gold,
Or the moſt precious things that can be told:
Provided firſt that my pure fire have tri'd
Out all the droſſe, and paſſe it purifi'd.

ODE. 21.

1.

What? take it at adventure, and not try
What metall it is made of? No, not I.
Should I now lightly let it paſſe,
Take ſullen lead for ſilver, ſounding braſſe
In ſtead of ſolid gold, alas,
What would become of it? In the great day
Of making jewells 't would be caſt away.

2.

The heart thou giv'ſt me muſt be ſuch a one,
As is the ſame throughout. I will have none
But that, which will abide the fire.
'Tis not a glitt'ring outſide I deſire,
Whoſe ſeeming ſhewes doe ſoone expire:
But reall worth within, which neither droſſe,
Nor baſe allayes, make ſubject unto loſſe.

3.

If in the compoſition of thine heart

A ſtubborne ſteely wilfulneſſe have part,
That will not bow and bend to me,
Save onely in a meer formality
Of tinſell-trim'd hypocriſie,
I care not for it, though it ſhew as faire,
As the firſt bluſh of the Sun-gilded aire.

4.

The heart that in my furnace will not melt,
When it the glowing heat thereof hath felt
Turne liquid, and diſſolve in teares
Of true repentance for its faults, that heares
My threatning voyce, and never feares,
Is not an heart worth having. If it be
An heart of ſtone, 't is not an heart for me.

5.

The heart, that caſt into my fornace ſpits,
And ſparkles in my face, falls into fits
Of diſcontented grudging, whines
When it is broken of its will, repines
At the leaſt ſuffering, declines
My fatherly correction, is an heart
On which I care not to beſtow mine art.

6.

The heart that in my flames aſunder flies,
Scatters it ſelfe at randon, and ſo lies
In heapes of aſhes here, and there,
Whoſe dry diſperſed parts will not draw neer
To one another, and adhere
In a firme union, hath no metall in't
Fit to be ſtamp'd, and coyned in my mint.

7.

The heart, that vapours out it ſelfe in ſmoak,
And with thoſe cloudy ſhadowes thinks to cloak

Its empty nakedneſſe, how much
So ever thou eſteemeſt it, is ſuch
As never will endure my touch.
Before I tak't for mine then I will trie
What kind of metall in thine heart doth lie.

8.

I'll bring it to my furnace, and there ſee
What it will prove, what it is like to be.
If it be gold, it will be ſure
The hotteſt fire that can be to endure,
And I ſhall draw it out more pure.
Affliction may refine, but cannot waſt,
That heart wherein my love is fixed faſt.

Embleme 22.



CORDIS SCRVTINIVM

Prauum est COR omnium et inscrutabile:
Quis cognoscet illud? Ego Dominus
scrutans COR et renes. *Jerem. 17. 9.*

Solus ego immensam CORDIS *perscrutor abyssum;*
Nautica quam potis est haud penetrare bolis.

22. *Michel van Lochem excu*

The ſounding of the Heart.

JER. 17.9.

The heart is deceitfull above all things, and deſperatly wicked. Who can know it? I the Lord.

Epigr. 22.

I, that alone am infinite, can try
How deep within it ſelf thine heart doth lie.
The Sea-mans plummet can but reach the ground:
I find that which thine heart it ſelf ne'er found.

ODE. 22.

1.

A goodly heart to ſee to, faire and fat!
It may be ſo: and what of that?
Is it not hollow? Hath it not within
A bottomleſſe whirlpoole of ſinne?
Are there not ſecret creeks, and cranies there,
Turning, and winding corners, where
The heart it ſelf ev'n from it ſelf may hide,
And lurke in ſecret uneſpi'd?
I'll none of it, if ſuch a one it prove:
Truth in the inward parts is that I love.

2.

But who can tell what is within thine heart?
'Tis not a worke of Nature, Art
Cannot performe that taſke: 't is I alone,
Not man, to whom mans heart is knowne.
Sound it thou maiſt, and muſt: but then the line

And

And plummet muſt be mine, not thine,
And I muſt guide it too, thine hand, and eye
May quickly be deceiv'd: but I,
That made thine heart at firſt, am better ſkill'd
To know when it is empty, when 't is fill'd.

3.

Leſt then thou ſhould'ſt deceive thy ſelf, for me
Thou canſt not, I will let thee ſee
Some of thoſe depths of Satan, depths of hell,
Wherewith thine hollow heart doth ſwell.
Under pretence of knowledge in thy mind
Errour and ignorance I find,
Quick-ſands of rotten Superſtition
Spred over with miſpriſion.
Some things thou knoweſt not, miſknoweſt others,
And oft thy conſcience its owne knowledge ſmothers.

4.

Thy crooked will, that ſeemingly enclines
To follow reaſons dictates, twines
Another way in ſecret, leaves its guide
And laggs behind, or ſwarves aſide,
Crab-like creepes backward when it ſhould have made
Progreſſe in good, is retrograde.
Whilſt it pretends a priviledge above
Reaſons prerogative, to move
As of it ſelf unmov'd, rude paſſions learne
To leave the Oare, and take in hand the Sterne.

5.

The tides of thine affections ebbe, and flow,
Riſe up aloft, fall downe below,
Like to the ſuddaine land-ſhouds, that advance
Their ſwelling waters but by chance.
Thy love, deſire, thy hope, delight, and feare,
Ramble they care not when, nor where,

Yet

Yet cunningly beare thee in hand they be
Only directed unto me,
Or moſt to me, and would no notice take
Of other things, but only for my ſake.

6.

Such ſtrange prodigious impoſtures lurke
In thy preſtigious heart, 't is worke
Enough for thee all thy life time to learne
How thou may'ſt truly it diſcerne:
That, when upon mine altar thou doſt lay
Thine off'ring, thou may'ſt ſafely ſay,
And ſweare it is an heart: for, if it ſhould
Prove only an heart-caſe, it would
Nor pleaſing be to me, nor doe thee good.
An heart's no heart not rightly underſtood.

Embleme 23.



CORDIS RECTIFICATIO.

Rectis CORDE Lætitia Psal. 96. 11.

Ad rectam, persæpe, mei. COR. Cordis, amussim,
Si rectum cupias, exige nata, tuum.

Michel nan Lochem excu 23

The levelling of the Heart.

PSAL. 97. 11.

Gladneſſe to the upright in heart.

Epigr. 23.

SEt thine heare upright, if thou would'ſt reioyce,
And pleaſe thy ſelf in thine hearts pleaſing choiſe:
But then be ſure thy plimme, and levell be
Rightly appli'd to that which pleaſeth me.

ODE. 23.

1.

Nay, yet I have not done: one triall more
Thine heart muſt undergo, before
I will accept of it:
Unleſſe I ſee
It upright be,
I cannot think it fit
To be admitted in my ſight,
And to partake of mine eternall light.

2.

My Will's the rule of righteouſneſſe, as free
From errour as uncertainty:
What I would have is juſt.
Thou muſt deſire
What I require,
And take it upon truſt:
If thou preferre thy will to mine,
The levell's loſt, and thou go'ſt out of line.

3.

Do'ſt thou not ſee how thine heart turnes aſide,

And leanes toward thy ſelf? How wide
A diſtance there is here?
Untill I ſee
Both ſides agree
Alike with mine, 't is cleer
The middle is not where't ſhould be,
Likes ſomething better, though it looke at me.

4.

I, that know beſt how to diſpoſe of thee,
Would have thy portion poverty,
Leſt wealth ſhould make thee proud,
And me forget:
But thou haſt ſet
Thy voyce to cry aloud
For riches, and unleſſe I grant
All that thou wiſheſt, thou complain'ſt of want.

5.

I, to preſerve thine health, would have thee faſt
From Natures dainties, leſt at laſt
Thy ſenſes ſweet delight
Should end in ſmart:
But thy vaine heart
Will have its appetite
Pleaſed to day, though grief, and ſorrow
Threaten to cancell all thy joyes to morrow.

6.

I, to prevent thine hurt by climing high,
Would have thee be content to lie
Quiet and ſafe below,
Where peace doth dwell;
But thou doſt ſwell
With vaſt deſires, as though
A little blaſt of vulgar breath
Were better then deliverance from death.

7.

I, to procure thine happineſſe, would have
Thee mercy at mine hands to crave;
But thou doſt merit plead,
And wilt have none
But of thine owne,
Till Juſtice ſtrike thee dead.
Thus ſtill thy wand'ring wayes decline,
And all thy crooked paths go croſſe to mine.

Embleme 24.



CORDIS RENOVATIO.

Dabo uobis COR nouum, et ſpiritum nouum ponam in medio ueſtri. *Ezech. 36. 26.*

Ciuinoua cuncta placent, vetus è COR. pone nouum p.

Quod tibi pro veteri ſponſa repono cape.

24 *Michel van Iochem excu.*

The renewing of the Heart.

Ezek. 36.26.

A new heart will I give you, and a new ſpirit will I put within you.

Epigr. 24.

Art thou delighted with ſtrange novelties,
Which often prove but old freſh garniſht lies?
Leave then thine old, take the new heart I give thee:
Condemne thy ſelf, that ſo I may repriev'e thee.

Ode. 24.

1.

No, no, I ſee
There is no remedy,
An heart, that wants both weight, and worth,
That's fill'd with naught but empty hollowneſſe,
And ſcrew'd aſide with ſtubborne wilfulneſſe,
Is onely fit to be caſt forth,
Nor to be given me
Nor kept by thee.

2.

Then let it goe,
And if thou wilt beſtow
An acceptable heart on me,
I'll furniſh thee with one ſhall ſerve the turne,
Both to be kept, and given: which will burne
With zeale, yet not conſumed be:
Nor with a ſcornfull eye
Blaſt ſtanders by.

3.

The heart, that I
Will give thee, though it lie
Buri'd in seas of sorrowes, yet
Will not be drown'd with doubt, or discontent,
Though sad complaints sometimes may give a vent
To grief, and teares the cheeks may wet,
Yet it exceeds their art
To hurt this heart.

4.

The heart I give,
Though it desire to live,
And bath it self in all content,
Yet will not toyle, or taint it self, with any:
Although it take a view, and tast of many,
It feeds on few, as though it meant
To break fast only here,
And dine elsewhere.

5.

This heart is fresh,
And new: an heart of flesh,
Not, as thine old one was, of stone.
A lively sp'ritly heart, and moving still,
Active to what is good, but slow to ill:
An heart, that with a sigh, and grone
Can blast all worldly joyes,
As trifling toyes.

6.

This heart is sound,
And solid will be found;
'Tis not an empty ayrie flash,
That baites at Butterflies, and with full cry
Opens at ev'ry flirting vanity.
It sleights, and scornes such paltry trash:

But

But for eternity
Dares live, or die.

7.

I know thy mind:
Thou ſeek'ſt content to find
In ſuch things as are new, and ſtrange.
Wander no further then: lay by thine old,
Take the new heart I give thee, and be bold
To boaſt thy ſelf of the exchange,
And ſay, that a new heart
Exceeds all art.

Embleme 25.



CORDIS ILLVMINATIO.

Illuminabuntur CORDA uestra. Eccli. 2. 10.

Lux de luce Deus cæci lux vnica mundi.
CORDE graues tenebras discute luce tua.

The enlightening of the Heart.

PSAL. 34.5.

They looked unto him, and were lightened.

Epigr. 25.

THou that art Light of lights, the onely ſight
Of the blind world, lend me thy ſaving light:
Diſperſe thoſe miſts, which in my ſoule have made
Darkeneſſe as deepe as hells eternall ſhade.

ODE. 25.

1.

Alas, that I
Could not before eſpie
The ſoule-confounding miſery
Of this, more then Egyptian, dreadfull night!
To be deprived of the light,
And to have eyes, but eyes devoid of ſight,
As mine have been, is ſuch a woe,
As he alone can know,
That feeles it ſo.

2.

Darkneſſe hath been
My God and me between
Like an opacous doubled ſkreen,
Through which nor light, nor heat could paſſage find.
Groſſe ignorance hath made my mind,
And underſtanding not bleer-ey'd, but blind;
My will to all that's good is cold,
Nor can I, though I would,
Doe what I ſhould.

3.

No, now I ſee
There is no remedy
Left in my ſelf : it cannot be
That blind men in the darke ſhould find the way
To bleſſednesſe : although they may
Imagine that high midnight is noone-day,
As I have done till now, they'll know
At laſt unto their woe,
'Twas nothing ſo.

4.

Now I perceive
Preſumption doth bereave
Men of all hope of helpe, and leave
Them, as it finds them, drown'd in miſery :
Deſpairing of themſelves, to cry
For mercy is the only remedy
That ſinne-ſicke ſoules can have : to pray
Againſt this darkneſſe may
Turne it to day.

5.

Then unto thee,
Great Lord of light, let me
Direct my prayer, that I may ſee.
Thou, that did'ſt make mine eyes, canſt ſoone reſtore
That pow'r of ſight they had before,
And, if thou ſeeſt it good, canſt give them more.
The night will quickly ſhine like day,
If thou doe but diſplay
One glorious ray.

6.

I muſt confeſſe,
And I can doe no leſſe,

Thou

Thou art the Sun of righteouſneſſe:
There's healing in thy wings: thy light is life;
My darkeneſſe death. To end all ſtrife,
Be thou mine husband, let me be thy wife.
Then both the light, and life that's thine,
Though light, and life divine,
Will all be mine.

Embleme 26.



CORDIS TABVLA LEGES.

Dabo legem meam in uiſcẽbus eorum, et in CORDE eorum ſcribam eam *Jerem. 31 33.*

Scribo nouam teneri nunc CORDIS *in æquore legem,*
Cum vetus in duris ſit mihi ſcripta petris.

26 *Michel van Sochem excu*

The table of the Heart.

IER. 31. 33.

I will put my Law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts.

Epigr. 26.

IN the ſoft table of thine heart I'l write
A new Law, which I newly will indite.
Hard ſtony tables did containe the old:
But tender leaves of fleſh ſhall this infold.

ODE. 26.

1.

What will thy ſight
Availe thee, or my light,
If there be nothing in thine heart to ſee
Acceptable to me?
A ſelf-writ heart will not
Pleaſe me, or doe thee any good, I wot,
The paper muſt be thine,
The writing mine.

2.

What I indite
'Tis I alone can write,
And write in bookes that I my ſelf have made.
'Tis not an eaſie trade
To read or write, in hearts:
They that are ſkilfull in all other arts,
When they take this in hand,
Are at a ſtand.

3.

My Law of old
Tables of ſtone did hold,
Wherein I writ what I before had ſpoken,
Yet were they quickly broken:
A ſigne the Covenant
Contain'd in them would due obſervance want.
Nor did they long remaine
Coppy'd again.

4.

But now I'll try
What force in fleſh doth lie:
Whether thine heart renew'd afford a place
Fit for my Law of grace.
This covenant is better
Then that, though glorious, of the killing letter.
This gives life, not by merit,
But by my Spirit.

5.

When in mens hearts,
And their moſt inward parts,
I by my Spirit write my Law of love,
They then begin to move,
Not by themſelves, but me,
And their obedience is their liberty.
There are no ſlaves, but thoſe
That ſerve their foes.

6.

When I have writ
My Covenant in it,
View thine heart by my light, and thou ſhalt ſee
A preſent fit for me.
The worth for which I look,

Lies

Lies in the lines, not in the leaves of th'book.
Courſe paper may be lin'd
With words refin'd.

7.

And ſuch are mine.
No furnace can refine
The choiſeſt ſilver ſo to make it pure,
As my Law put in ure
Purgeth the hearts of men:
Which being rul'd, and written with my Pen,
My Spirit, ev'ry letter
Will make them better.

Embleme 27.



ARATIO CORDIS.

Conuertar ad vos, et arabimini, et accipietis sementem. *Ezech. 36. 9.*

CORDIS *agrum. Crucis ea tue proscindat aratrum.*
Cui verbi inspergas semina, Sponse. tui.

Michel uan Lochem excu

2.7

The tilling of the Heart.

EZEK. 36. 9.

I will turne unto you, and yee ſhall be tilled, and ſowne.

Epigr. 27.

MIne heart's a field, thy croſſe a plow: be pleas'd
Dear Spouſe, to till it, till the mould be rais'd
Fit for the ſeeding of thy word: then ſow,
And if thou ſhine upon it, it will grow.

ODE. 27.

1.

So, now me thinks I find
Some better vigour in my mind,
My will begins to move,
And mine affections ſtirre towards things above:
Mine heart growes bigge with hope it is a field,
That ſome good fruit may yeeld,
If it were till'd, as it ſhould be,
Not by my ſelf, but thee.

2.

Great Husbandman, whoſe pow'r
All difficulties can devour,
And doe what likes thee beſt,
Let not thy field, mine heart, lie lay, and reſt,
Leſt it be over-runne with noyſome weeds,
That ſpring of their own ſeeds:
Unleſſe thy grace the growth ſhould ſtoppe,
Sinne would be all my croppe.

3.

Break up my fallow ground,
That there may not a clod be found
To hide one root of ſinne.
Apply thy plow betime: now, now beginne
To furrow up my ſtiffe, and ſtarvy heart,
No matter for the ſmart,
Al though it roare, when it is rent,
Let not thine hand relent.

4.

Corruption's rooted deep,
Showres of repentant teares muſt ſteep
The mould to make it ſoft:
It muſt be ſtirr'd, and turn'd, not once, but oft.
Let it have all its ſeaſons. O impart
The beſt of all thine art.
For, of it ſelf it is ſo tough,
All will be but enough.

5.

Or, if it be thy will
To teach me, let me learne the ſkill
My ſelf to plow mine heart:
The profit will be mine, and 't is my part
To take the paines, and labour, though th' encreaſe
Without thy bleſſing ceaſe:
If fit for nothing elſe, yet thou
May'ſt make me draw thy Plow.

6.

Which of thy Plowes thou wilt,
For thou haſt more then one. My guilt,
Thy wrath, thy rods, are all
Plowes fit to teare mine heart to pieces ſmall:
And, when in the [illegible] apprehends thee neer,

'Tis

'Tis furrowed with fear:
Each weed turn'd under hides its head,
And ſhewes as it were dead.

7.

But, Lord, thy bleſſed paſſion
Is a Plow of another faſhion,
Better then all the reſt.
Oh faſten me to that, and let the beſt
Of all my powers ſtrive to draw it in,
And leave no roome for ſinne.
The vertue of thy death can make
Sinne its faſt hold forſake.

Embleme 28.



SEMINATIO IN COR.

Verbum ſeminatum eſt in CORDE. *Matt. 13.*

Semina iam terræ manda, diuine colone.

Ne noſtri ſterilis ſit tibi CORDIS ager.

28. *Michel van Lochom excu*

The ſeeding of the Heart.

LVKE 8.15.

That on the good ground are they, which with an honeſt, and good heart, having heard the Word, keep it, and bring forth fruit with patience.

Epigr. 28.

Leſt the field of mine heart ſhould unto thee,
Great Husbandman that mad'ſt it, barren be,
Manure the ground, then come thy ſelf and ſeed it;
And let thy ſervants water it, and weed it.

ODE. 28.

1.

Nay, bleſſed Lord,
Unleſſe thou wilt afford
Manure, as well as tillage, to thy field,
It will not yeeld
That fruit which thou expecteſt it ſhould beare:
The ground I feare
Will ſtill remaine
Barren of what is good: and all the graine
It will bring forth,
As of its owne accord, will not be worth
The paines of gathering
So poore a thing.

2.

Some faint deſire,

That

That quickly will expire,
Wither, and die, is all thou canſt expect.
If thou neglect
To ſow it now 't is ready, thou ſhalt find
That it will blind,
And harder grow
Then at the firſt it was. Thou muſt beſtow
Some further coſt,
Elſe all thy former labour will be loſt.
Mine heart no corne will breed
Without thy ſeed.

3.

Thy Word is ſeed,
And manure too: will ſeed,
As well as fill mine heart. If once it were
Well rooted there,
It would come on apace: O then neglect
No time: expect
No better ſeaſon.
Now, now thy field mine heart is ready: reaſon
Surrenders now,
Now my rebellious will begins to bow,
And mine affections are
Tamer by farre.

4.

Lord, I have laine
Barren too long, and faine
I would redeem the time, that I may be
Fruitfull to thee,
Fruitfull in knowledge, faith, obedience,
Ere I goe hence:
That when I come
At harveſt to be reaped, and brought home;
Thine Angels may

My

My ſoule in thy celeſtiall garner lay,
Where perfect joy, and bliſſe
Eternall is.

5.

If, to intreat
A crop of pureſt wheat,
A bleſſing too tranſcendent ſhould appeare
For me to beare,
Lord, make me what thou wilt, ſo thou wilt take
What thou do'ſt make,
And not diſdaine
To houſe me, though amongſt thy courſeſt graine,
So I may be
Laid with the gleanings gathered by thee,
When the full ſheaves are ſpent,
I am content.

Embleme 29.



CORDIS IRRIGATIO.

Rigabo hortum meum Plantationum. Cc. 24. 42.

Tellus clausum cœlo patet: imbue rorem,
CORDIS ab hoc vario flore vireſcet humus.

29 *Michel van Lochom excudit*

The watering of the Heart.

Isa. 27. 3.

I the Lord doe keep it. I will water it every moment.

Epigr. 29.

Close downwards tow'rds the earth, open above
Tow'rds heaven mine heart is. O let thy love
Distill in fructifying dewes of grace,
And then mine heart will be a pleasant place.

Ode. 29.

1.

See how this dry, and thirsty land,
Mine heart, doth gaping gasping stand,
And close below opens towards heav'n, and thee.
Thou fountaine of felicity,
Great Lord of living waters, water me:
Let not my breath that pants with paine,
Waste, and consume it selfe in vaine.

2.

The mists, that from the earth doe rise,
An heav'n-borne heart will not suffice:
Coole it without they may, but cannot quench
The scalding heat within, nor drench
Its dusty dry desires, or fill one trench.
Nothing, but what comes from on high,
Can heav'n-bred longings satistie.

3.

See how the seed, which thou did'st sow

Lies

Lies parch'd, and wither'd, will not grow
Without ſome moiſture, and mine heart hath none,
That it can truly call its owne,
By nature of it ſelf, more then a ſtone:
Unleſſe thou water't, it will lie
Drowned in duſt, and ſtill be dry.

4.

Thy tender plants can never thrive,
Whilſt want of water doth deprive
Their roots of nouriſhment: which makes them call,
And cry to thee, great All in All,
That ſeaſonable ſhow'rs of grace may fall,
And water them: thy Word will do't,
If thou vouchſafe thy bleſſing to't.

5.

O then be pleaſed to unſeal
Thy fountaine, bleſſed Saviour, deal
Some drops at leaſt, wherewith my drooping ſpirits
May be revived. Lord, thy merits
Yeeld more refreſhing then the world inherits:
Rivers, yea ſeas, but ditches are,
If with thy ſprings we them compare.

6.

If not whole ſhow'rs of raine, yet Lord,
A little pearly dew afford,
Begot by thy celeſtiall influence
On ſome chaſt vapour, raiſed hence
To be partaker of thine excellence:
A little, if it come from thee,
Will be of great availe to me.

7.

Thou boundleſſe Ocean of grace,
Let thy free ſpirit have a place
Within mine heart: full rivers then I know

Of living waters forth will flow,
And all thy plants, thy fruits, and flow'rs will grow.
Whilſt thy Springs their roots doe nouriſh,
They muſt needs be fat, and flouriſh.

Embleme 30.



D

CORIS FLORES.

Dilectus meus descendit in hortum suum. ut lilia colligat. *Cant. 6. 1.*

Hæc tibi. nata tuo de semine. consecro, sponse.
Lilia. et his patrium floribus addo solum.

The flowers of the Heart.

CANT. 6. 2.

My beloved is gone downe into his garden, to the beds of ſpices, to feed in the gardens, and to gather lillies.

Epigr. 30.

THeſe lillies I doe conſecrate to thee,
Beloved Spouſe, which ſpring as thou maiſt ſee,
Out of the ſeed thou ſowedſt, and the ground
Is better'd by thy Flow'rs, when they abound.

ODE. 31.

1.

Is there a joy like this?
What can augment my bliſſe?
If my beloved will accept
A poſie of theſe flowers kept,
And conſecrated unto his content,
I hope hereafter he will not repent
The coſt, and paines he hath beſtow'd
So freely upon me, that ow'd
Him all I had before,
And infinitly more.

2.

Nay, try them, bleſſed Lord,
Take them not on my word,
But let the colour, taſt and ſmell,
The truth of their perfe[c]tions tell.
Thou that art in[f]nite in wiſdome ſee,

If they be not the ſame that came from thee.
If any difference be found,
It is occaſion'd by the ground,
Which yet I cannot ſee
So good as it ſhould be.

3.

What ſay'ſt thou to that Roſe,
That queen of flowers, whoſe
Maidenly bluſhes, freſh, and faire,
Out-brave the dainty morning aire?
Doſt thou not in thoſe lovely leaves eſpy
The perfect picture of that modeſty,
That ſelf-condemning ſhamefaſtneſſe,
That is more ready to confeſſe
A fault, and to amend,
Then it is to offend?

4.

Is not this Lilly pure?
What Fuller can procure
A white ſo perfect, ſpotleſſe, clear,
As in this flower doth appear?
Doſt thou not in this milky colour ſee
The lively luſtre of ſincerity,
Which no hypocriſie hath painted,
Nor ſelf-reſpecting ends have tainted?
Can there be to thy ſight
A more entire delight?

5.

Or wilt thou have beſide
Violets purple-di'd?
The Sun-obſerving Marigold,
Or Orpin never waxing old,
The Primroſe, Cowſlip, Gilliflow'r, or Pinke,
Or any flow'r, or herbe, that I can think

Thou

Thou haſt a mind unto? I ſhall
Quickly be furniſht with them all,
If once I doe but know
That thou wilt have it ſo.

6.

Faith is a fruitfull grace,
Well planted ſtores the place,
Fills all the borders, beds, and bow'rs
With wholſome herbs, and pleaſant flow'rs.
Great Gardiner, thou ſaiſt, and I beleeve,
What thou do'ſt meane to gather thou wilt give.
Take then mine heart in hand to fill't,
And it ſhall yeeld thee what thou wilt.
Yea thou, by gath'ring more,
Shalt ſtill increaſe my ſtore.

Embleme 31.



CORDIS CVSTODIA.

Omni custodiâ ſerua COR tuum. Prou. 4. 23

Quam bene concluſum vigil hic COR *protegit hortum,*
Proſtricto munit quem timor eſſe Dei

Michel van Iochem enu.

The keeping of the Heart.

PROV. 4.23.

Keepe thy heart with all diligence.

Epigr. 31.

Like to a garden, that is clos'd round,
That heart is safely kept, which still is found
Compast with care, and guarded with the feare
Of God, as with a flaming sword, and speare.

ODE 31.

The Soule. 1.

Lord, wilt thou suffer this? Shall vermine spoile
The fruit of all thy toyle,
Thy trees, thine herbs, thy plants, thy flow'rs thus:
And for an overplus
Of spite, and malice overthrow thy mounds,
Lay common all thy grounds?
Canst thou endure thy pleasant garden should
Be thus turn'd up as ordinary mould?

Christ. 2.

What is the matter? why do'st thou complaine?
Must I as well maintaine,
And keep, as make thy fences? wilt thou take
No paines for thine own sake?
Or doth thy self-confounding fancy feare thee,
When there's no danger neer thee?
Speak out thy doubts, and thy desires, and tell me,
What enemy or can, or dares to quell thee?

The Soule. 3.

Many, and mighty, and malicious, Lord,
That ſeek, with one accord,
To work my ſpeedy ruine, and make haſte
To lay thy garden waſte.
The devill is a ramping roaring lion,
Hates at his heart thy Zion,
And never gives it reſpit day, nor houre,
But ſtill goes ſeeking whom he may devoure.

4.

The world's a wilderneſſe, wherein I find
Wild beaſts of ev'ry kind,
Foxes, and Wolves, and Dogs, and Boares, and Bears;
And which augments my feares,
Eagles and Vultures, and ſuch birds of prey,
Will not be kept away:
Beſides the light-abhorring Owles, and Bats,
And ſecret corner-creeping Mice and Rats.

5.

But theſe, and many more would not diſmay
Me much, unleſſe there lay
One worſe then all within, my ſelf I meane,
My falſe, unjuſt, unclean,
Faithleſſe, diſloyall ſelf, that both entice,
And entertaine each vice.
This homebred traiterous partaking's worſe,
Then all the violence of forain force.

6.

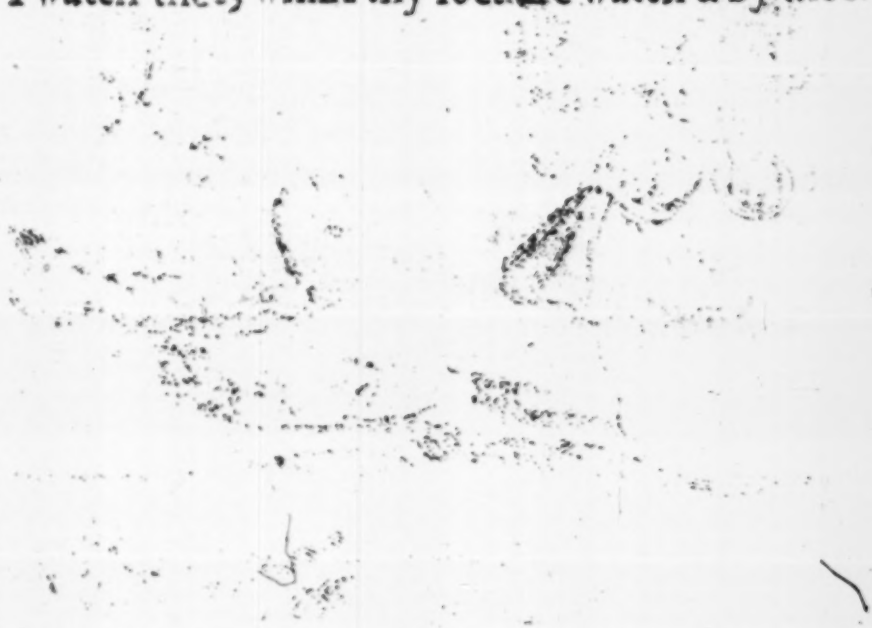
Lord, thou maiſt ſee my feares are grounded, riſe
Not from a bare ſurmiſe,
Or doubt of danger only, my deſires
Are but what need requires,
Of thy divine protection, and defence
To keep theſe vermine hence:

Which,

Which, if they ſhould not be reſtrain'd by thee,
Would grow too ſtrong to be kept out by me.

Chriſt. 7.

Thy feare is juſt, and I approve thy care.
But yet thy comforts are
Provided for, ev'n in that care, and feare:
Whereby it doth appeare
Thou haſt what thou deſireſt, my protection
To keep thee from defection.
The heart that cares, and feares, is kept by me.
I watch thee, whilſt thy foes are watch'd by thee.



Embleme 32.



CORDIS VIGILIA.

Ego dormio, et COR meum uigilat. Cant. 5. 2

Te vigil exquirit COR. *dum ſopor occupat artus.*
Nec ſine te noctu nec potis eſſe die.

Michol uan Iochem excu

32

The watching of the Heart.

CANT. 5.2.

I ſleep, but my heart waketh.

Epigr. 32.

WHilſt the ſoft hands of ſleep tie up my ſenſes,
My watchfull heart, free from all ſuch preſences,
Searches for thee, enquires of all about thee,
Nor day, nor night, able to be without thee.

ODE. 32.

1.

It muſt be ſo: that God that gave
Me ſenſes, and a mind, would have
Me uſe them both, but in their ſeverall kinds.
Sleep muſt refreſh my ſenſes, but my mind s
A ſparke of heav'nly fire, that feeds
On action, and employment, needs
No time of reſt: for, when it thinks to pleaſe
It ſelf with idleneſſe, 'tis leaſt at eaſe.
Though quiet reſt refreſh the head,
The heart that ſtirres not ſure is dead.

2.

Whilſt then my body eaſe doth take,
My reſt refuſing heart ſhall wake:
And that mine heart the better watch may keep,
I'll lay my ſenſes for a time to ſleep.
Wanton deſires ſhall not entice,
Nor luſt enveigle them to vice:
No fading colours ſhall allure my ſight,

Nor ſounds enchant mine eares with their delight:
I'll bind my ſmell, my touch, my taſt,
To keep a ſtrict religious faſt.

3.

My worldly buſineſſe ſhall lie ſtill,
That heav'nly thoughts my mind may fill:
My Marthaes cumb'ring cares ſhall ceaſe their noiſe,
That Mary may attend her better choiſe.
That meditation may advance
Mine heart on purpoſe, not by chance,
My body ſhall keep holy day, that ſo
My mind with better liberty may goe
About her bus'neſſe, and ingroſſe
That gaine, which worldly men count loſſe.

4.

And though my ſenſes ſleep the while,
My mind my ſenſes ſhall beguile
With dreames of thee, dear Lord, whoſe rare perfections
Of excellence are ſuch, that bare inſpections
Cannot ſuffice my greedy ſoule,
Nor her fierce appetite controule,
But that the more ſhe lookes the more ſhe longs,
And ſtrives to thruſt into the thickeſt throngs
Of thoſe divine diſcoveries,
Which dazell even Angels eyes.

5.

Oh could I lay aſide this fleſh,
And follow after thee with freſh
And free deſires, my diſentangled ſoule,
Raviſht with admiration, ſhould roule
It ſelf, and all its thoughts on thee,
And by beleeving ſtrive to ſee,
What is inviſible to fleſh and blood,
And only by fruition underſtood,

The beauty of each ſev'rall grace,
That ſhines in thy Sunne-ſhaming face.

6.

But what I can doe that I will,
Waking and ſleeping, ſeek thee ſtill:
I'll leave no place unpri'd into behind me,
Where I can but imagine I may find thee:
I'll aſke of all I meet, if they
Can tell thee where thou art, which way
Thou go'ſt, that I may follow after thee,
Which way thou com'ſt, that thou mai'ſt meet with me.
If not thy face, Lord, let mine heart
Behold with Moſes thy back-part.

Embleme 33.



CORDIS VVLNERATIO.

Tetendit arcum ſuum et poſuit me quaſi ſignum ad ſagittam. *Thren. 3. 12.*

Mille COR hoc validis, meâ lux, transfige ſagittis.
Pharmaca ſunt tua quę vulnera dextra facit.

Michel van Lochem excū

33

The wounding of the Heart.

LAM. 3.12.

He hath bent his bow, and ſet me as a mark for the arrow.

Epigr. 33.

A Thouſand of thy ſtrongeſt ſhafts, my light,
Draw up againſt this heart with all thy might,
And ſtrike it through: They, that in need doe ſtand
Of cure, are healed by thy wounding hand.

ODE. 33.

1.

Nay, ſpare me not dear Lord, it cannot be
They ſhould be hurt, that wounded are by thee.
Thy ſhafts will heale the hearts they hit,
And to each ſore its ſalve will fit.
All hearts by Nature are both ſick, and ſore,
And mine as much as any elſe, or more:
There is no place that's free from ſinne,
Neither without it, nor within,
And univerſall maladies doe crave
Variety of medicines to have.

2.

Firſt, let the arrow of thy piercing eye,
Whoſe light outvieth the ſtar-ſpangled ſkie,
Strike through the darkneſſe of my mind,
And leave no cloudy miſt behind.
Let thy reſplendent rayes of knowledge dart
Bright beames of underſtanding to mine heart,

To my ſinne-ſhadow'd heart, wherein
Black ignorance did firſt begin
To blurre thy beauteous Image, and deface
The glory of thy ſelf-ſufficing grace.

3.

Next let the ſhaft of thy ſharp-pointed pow'r
Diſcharged by that ſtrength that can devour
All difficulties, and encline
Stout oppoſition to reſigne
Its ſteely ſtubborneſſe, ſubdue my will,
Make it hereafter ready to fulfill
Thy royall Law of righteouſneſſe,
As gladly, as I muſt confeſſe
It hath fulfilled heretofore th' unjuſt,
Prophane, and cruell lawes of its own luſt.

4.

Then let that love of thine, which made thee leave
The boſome of thy Father, and bereave
Thy ſelf of thy tranſcendent glory,
Matter for an eternall ſtory,
Strike through mine affections all together,
And let that Sun-ſhine cleer the cloudy weather,
Wherein they wander without guide,
Or order, as the wind, and tide
Of floting vanities tranſport, and toſſe them,
Till ſelf-begotten troubles curbe and croſſe them.

5.

Lord, empty all thy Quivers, let there be
No corner of my ſpacious heart left free,
Till all be but one wound, wherein
No ſubtill ſight-abhorring ſinne
May lurk in ſecret uneſpi'd by me,
Or reigne in power unſubdu'd by thee.
Perfect thy purchas'd victory,

That

That thou mai'ſt ride triumphantly,
And leading captive all captivity
Mai'ſt put an end to enmity in me.

6.

Then, bleſſed Archer, in requitall I
To ſhoote thine arrowes back again will try.
By pray'rs, and praiſes, ſighs, and ſobs,
By vowes, and teares, by groans, and throbs,
I'll ſee if I can pierce, and wound thine heart,
And vanquiſh thee againe by thine own art.
Or, that we may at once provide
For all miſhaps that may betide,
Shoot thou thy ſelf, thou poliſht ſhaft, to me,
And I will ſhoot my broken heart to thee.

Embleme 34.



CORDIS INHABITATIO.

Misit Deus spiritum filii sui in
CORDA nostra. . . *Galat. 4. 6.*

Spiritus, ô mea lux, CORDIS, tuus incolat ædem,
Sponse, vt amore tuo mi redameris, amans.

Michel van Lochem excu

34

The inhabiting of the Heart.

GAL. 4. 6.

God hath ſent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts.

Epig. 34.

MIne heart's an houſe, my light, and thou canſt tell
There's roome enough O let thy Spirit dwell
For ever there: but ſo thou mai'ſt love me,
And being told I may againe love thee.

ODE. 34.

1.

Welcome, great gueſt, this houſe, mine heart,
Shall all be thine:
I will reſigne
Mine intereſt in ev'ry part:
Only be pleas'd to uſe it as thine own
For ever, and inhabite it alone:
There's roome enough, and if the furniture
Were anſwerably fitted, I am ſure
Thou would'ſt be well content to ſtay,
And by thy light
Poſſeſſe my ſight
With ſenſe of an eternall day.

2.

It is thy building, Lord, 't was made
At thy command,
And ſtill doth ſtand
Upheld, and ſhelter'd by the ſhade

Of

Of thy protecting providence: though ſuch
As is decaied, and impaired much,
Since the removall of thy reſidence,
When with thy grace glory departed hence,
It hath been all this while an Inne
To intertaine
The vile, and vaine,
And wicked companies of ſinne.

3.

Although't be but an houſe of clay,
Fram'd out of duſt,
And ſuch as muſt
Diſſolved be, yet it was gay,
And glorious indeed, when ev ry place
Was furniſhed, and fitted with thy grace:
When in the Preſence-chamber of my mind,
The bright Sun-beames of perfect knowledge ſhin'd:
When my will was thy Bed-chamber,
And ev'ry pow'r
A ſtately Tow'r
Sweetned with thy Spirits amber.

4.

But whilſt thou do'ſt thy ſelf abſent,
It is not grown
Noyſome alone,
But all to pieces torne, and rent.
The windowes all are ſtopt, or broken ſo,
That no light without wind can thorow goe.
The roofe's uncover'd, and the wall's decai'd,
The door's flung off the hooks, the floor's unlai'd.
Yea, the foundation rotten is,
And every where
It doth appeare
All that remaines is farre amiſſe,

5.

But if thou wilt returne againe,
And dwell in me,
Lord, thou ſhalt ſee
What care I'll take to intertaine
Thee, though not like thy ſelf, yet in ſuch ſort,
As thou wilt like, and I ſhall thank thee for't.
Lord, let thy bleſſed Spirit keep poſſeſſion,
And all things will be well; at leaſt confeſſion
Shall tell thee what's amiſſe in me,
And then thou ſhalt
Or mend the fault,
Or take the blame of all on thee.

Embleme 35.



CORDIS DILATATIO.

Viam mandatorum tuorum cucurri, cum dilatasti COR meum *Psal* 118. 32.

Quam volupe est quod amare prius COR *duxit amarum.*
Angustam lato currere CORDA *viam!*
Michel van Lochem excu

35

The enlarging of the Heart.

PSAL. 119.32.

I will runne the way of thy Commandements, when thou ſhalt enlarge my heart.

Epigr. 35.

HOw pleaſant is that now, which heretofore
Mine heart held bitter, ſacred learnings lore?
Enlarged hearts enter with greateſt eaſe
The ſtrauteſt paths, and runne the narroweſt wayes.

ODE. 35.

1.

What a bleſſed change I find,
Since I intertain'd this gueſt!
Now me thinks another mind
Moves and rules within my breſt.
Surely I am not the ſame,
That I was before he came,
But I then was much too blame.

2.

When before my God commanded
Any thing he would have done,
I was cloſe, and gripple handed,
Made an end ere I begunne.
If he thought it fit to lay
Judgements on me, I could ſay
They are good, but ſhrinke away.

3.

All the wayes of righteouſneſſe

I did think were full of trouble,
I complain'd of tediouſneſſe,
And each duty ſeemed double.
Whilſt I ſerv'd him but of feare,
Ev'ry minute did appeare
Longer farre then a whole yeare.

4.

Strictneſſe in Religion ſeemed
Like a pined pinion'd thing:
Bolts, and fetters I eſteemed
More beſeeming for a King,
Then for me to bow my neck,
And be at anothers beck,
When I felt my conſcience check.

5.

But the caſe is alter'd now:
He no ſooner turnes his eye,
But I quickly bend, and bow,
Ready at his feet to lie:
Love hath taught me to obey
All his precepts, and to ſay,
Not to morrow, but to day.

6.

What he wills I ſay I muſt:
What I muſt I ſay I will:
He commanding, it is juſt
What he would I ſhould fulfill.
Whilſt he biddeth I beleeve
What he calls for he will give.
To obey him is to live.

7.

His Command'ments grievous are not
Longer then men think them ſo:

Though

Though he ſend me forth I care not,
Whilſt he gives me ſtrength to goe.
When, or whither, all is one,
On his bus'neſſe, not mine owne,
I ſhall never goe alone.

8.

If I be compleat in him,
And in him all fulneſſe dwelleth.
I am ſure aloft to ſwim,
Whilſt that Ocean overſwelleth,
Having him that's All in All,
I am confident I ſhall
Nothing want, for which I call.

Embleme 36.



CORDIS INFLAMMATIO.

Concaluit COR meum intra me, et in meditatione mea exardescet ignis *Psal.* 38. 4.

Perge Amor et succende mei penetralia CORDIS:
Viuat vt in patrio, ceu Salamandra, rogo.

36 *Michel uan Iochem excu*

The inflaming of the Heart.

PSAL. 39. 3.

My heart was hot within me: while I was muſing the fire burned.

Epigr. 36.

SPare not, my love, to kindle, and enflame
Mine heart within throughout, untill the ſame
Breake forth, and burne: that ſo, thy Salamander,
Mine heart may never from thy furnace wander.

ODE. 36.

1.

Welcome, holy, heavenly fire,
Kindled by immortall love:
Which deſcending from above,
Makes all earthly thoughts retire,
And give place
To that grace,
Which with gentle violence
Conquers all corrupt affections,
Rebell Natures inſurrections,
Bidding them be packing hence.

2.

Lord, thy fire doth heat within,
Warmeth not without alone;
Though it be an heart of ſtone,
Of it ſelf congeal'd in ſinne,
Hard as ſteel,
If it feel

Thy diſſolving pow'r, it groweth
Soft as waxe, and quickly takes
Any print thy Spirit make,
Paying what thou ſai'ſt it oweth.

3.

Of it ſelf mine heart is dark,
But thy fire by ſhining bright,
Fills it full of ſaving light
Though't be but a little ſpark
Lent by thee,
I ſhall ſee
More by it, then all the light,
Which in fulleſt meaſures ſtreames
From corrupted Natures beames,
Can diſcover to my ſight.

4.

Though mine heart be ice, and ſnow,
To the things which thou haſt choſen,
All benum'd with cold, and frozen,
Yet thy fire will make it glow.
Though it burnes,
When it turnes
Tow'rds the things which thou do'ſt hate:
Yet thy bleſſed warmth, no doubt,
Will that wild-fire ſoone draw out,
And the heat thereof abate.

5.

Lord, thy fire is active, uſing
Alwayes either to aſcend
To its native heav'n, or lend
Heat to others: and diffuſing
Of its ſtore
Gathers more,
Never ceaſing till it make

All

All things like it ſelfe, and longing
To ſee others come with thronging
Of thy goodneſſe to partake.

6.

Lord, then let thy fire enflame
My cold heart ſo thoroughly,
That the heat may never die,
But continue ſtill thr ſame:
That I may
Ev'ry day
More, and more, conſuming ſinne,
Kindling others, and attending
All occaſions of aſcending,
Heaven upon earth begin.

Embleme 37.



CORDIS SCALÆ.

Aſcenſiones in CORDE ſuo diſpoſuit. *Pſal.* 83. 6.

Vin' ſcalis, dilecta, poli conſcendere ſedes.
Hic prius in proprio conſtrue CORDE *gradus.*

Michel uan lochem ex.cu

The ladder of the Heart.

Psal. 84. 5.

In whose heart are the wayes of them.

Epigr. 37.

Would'st thou, my love, a ladder have, whereby
Thou mai'st climbe heaven to sit downe on high?
In thine owne heart then frame thee steps, and bend
Thy mind to muse how thou mai'st there ascend.

Ode. 37.

The Soule. 1.

What?
Shall I
Alwayes lie
Grov'ling on earth,
Where there is no mirth?
Why should I not ascend,
And climbe up, where I may mend
My meane estate of misery?
Happinesse I know's exceeding high:
Yet sure there is some remedy for that.

Christ. 2.

True,
There is.
Perfect blisse,
The fruit of love,
May be had above:
But he, that will obtaine
Such a gold-exceeding gaine,
Must never think to reach the same,
And scale heav'ns walls, untill he frame
A ladder in his heart as near as new.

The Soule.

3.

Lord,
I will:
But the ſkill
Is not mine owne:
Such an art 's not knowne,
Unleſſe thou wilt it teach:
It is farre above the reach
Of mortall minds to underſtand.
But if thou wilt lend thine helping hand,
I will endeavour to obey thy Word.

Chriſt.

4.

Well
Then, ſee
That thou be
As ready preſt
To performe the reſt,
As now to promiſe faire,
And I'll teach thee how to reare
A ſcaling-ladder in thine heart
To mount heaven with: no rules of art,
But I alone, can the compoſure tell.

5.

Firſt,
Thou muſt
Take on truſt
All that I ſay,
Reaſon muſt not ſway
Thy judgement croſſe to mine,
But her Scepter quite reſigne.
Faith muſt be both thy ladder ſides,
Which will ſtay thy ſteps what e'er betides,
And ſatisfie thine hunger, and thy thirſt.

6.

Then,
The round
Next the ground,
Which I muſt ſee;
Is Humilitie:
From which thou muſt aſcend,
And with perſeverance end.
Vertue to vertue, grace to grace,
Muſt each orderly ſucceed in's place.
And when thou haſt done all beginne againe.

Embleme 38.



CORDIS VOLATVS.

Quæ ſurſum ſunt quærite, quæ ſurſum ſunt ſapite. Colloſſ. 3. 1.

Quis mihi Chaonij geminas dabit alitis alas,
Pertæſum terræ queis COR ad aſtra volet?

Michel van Lochem excu.

The flying of the Heart.

Isa. 60. 5.

Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the Doves to their windowes?

Epigr. 38.

OH that mine heart had wings like to a Dove,
That I might quickly hasten hence, and move
with speedy flight tow'rds the celestiall spheares,
As weary of this world, its faults, and feares!

Ode. 38.

1.

This way, though pleasant, yet me thinks is long:
Step after step makes little haste,
And I am not so strong
As still to last
Among
So great
So many lets:
Swelter'd and swill'd in sweat
My toyling soule both fumes and frets,
As though she were inclin'd to a retreat.

2.

Corruption clogs my feet like filthy clay,
And I am ready still to slip:
Which makes me often stay,
When I should trip
Away.
My feares

And faults, are ſuch,
As challenge all my teares
So juſtly, that it were not much,
If I in weeping ſhould ſpend all my yeares.

3.

This makes me weary of the world below,
And greedy of a place above,
On which I may beſtow,
My choiſeſt love,
And ſo
Obtaine
That favour, which
Excells all worldly gaine,
And maketh the poſſeſſour rich,
In happineſſe of a tranſcendent ſtraine.

4.

What? muſt I ſtill be rooted here below,
And riveted unto the ground,
Wherein mine haſte to grow
Will be though ſound,
But ſlow?
I know
The Sunne exhales
Groſſe vapours from below,
Which, ſcorning as it were the Vales,
On mountaine-topping clouds themſelves beſtow.

5.

But my fault-frozen heart is ſlow to move,
Makes poore proceedings at the beſt,
As though it did not love,
Nor long for reſt
Above.
Mine eyes
Can upward looke,

As though they did deſpiſe
All things on earth, and could not brooke
Their preſence: but mine heart is ſlow to riſe.

6.

Oh that it were once winged like the Dove,
That in a moment mounts on high,
Then ſhould it ſoone remove,
Where it may ly
In love.
And loe,
This one deſire
Me thinks hath imp'd it ſo,
That it already flies like fire,
And ev'n my verſes into wings doe grow.

Embleme 39.



CORDIS VNIO.

Dabo eis COR unum. Ezech. 11. 19

Vnanimes animę concordia viuite CORDA.
vnum quicis velle, et nolle dat vnus amor

Michel van Iochem excū

The union of the Heart.

EZEK. 11.19.

I will give them one heart.

Epigr. 39.

Like minded minds, hearts alike heartily
Affected will together live, and die:
Many things meete, and part: but loves great gable
Tying two hearts makes them inseparable.

ODE. 39.

The Soule. 1.

All this is not enough: me thinks I grow
More greedy by fruition: what I get
Serves but to set
An edge upon mine appetite,
And all thy gifts doe but invite
My pray'rs for more.
Lord, if thou wilt not still encrease my store,
Why did'st thou any thing at all bestow?

Christ. 2.

And is 't the fruit of having still to crave?
Then let thine heart united be to mine,
And mine to thine
In a firme union, whereby
We may no more be thou, and I,
Or, I, and thou,
But both the same: and then I will avow,
Thou canst not want what thou do'st wish to have.

The Soule. 3.

True, Lord, for thou art All in All to me,
But how to get my ſtubborne heart to twine,
And cloſe with thine,
I doe not know, nor can I gueſſe
How I ſhould ever learne, unleſſe
Thou wilt direct
The courſe that I muſt take to that effect.
'Tis thou, not I, muſt knit mine heart to thee.

Chriſt. 4.

'T is true, and ſo I will: but yet thou muſt
Doe ſomething tow'rds it too: Firſt, thou muſt lay
All ſinne away,
And ſeparate from that, which would
Our meeting intercept, and hold
Us diſtant ſtill:
I am all goodneſſe, and can cloſe with ill
No more, then richeſt diamonds with duſt.

5.

Then thou muſt not count any earthly thing,
How ever gay, and gloriouſly ſet forth,
Of any worth,
Compar'd with me, that am alone
Th' eternall, high, and holy One:
But place thy love
Onely on me, and on the things above:
Which true content, and endleſſe comfort bring.

6.

Love is the loadſtone of the heart, the glew,
The cement, and the ſolder, which alone
Unites in one
Things that before were not the ſame,
But only like, imparts the name,
And nature too

Of each to th' other : nothing can undoe
The knot that's knit by love, if it be true.

7.

But if in deed, and truth thou loveſt me,
And not in word alone, then I ſhall find
That thou doſt mind
The things I mind, and regulate
All thine affections, love, and hate,
Delight, deſire,
Feare, and the reſt, by what I doe require,
And I in thee my ſelf ſhall alwayes ſee.

Embleme 40.



CORDIS QVIES.

conuertere, anima mea, in requiem tuam. Pſal. 114. 7.

Mobile COR *nulla potis est requieſcere ſede.*
Vnus ei centrum nam Deus vna quies.

The reſt of the Heart.

PSAL. 116.7.

Returne unto thy reſt, O my ſoule.

Epigr. 40.

MY buſie, ſtirring heart, that ſeekes the beſt,
Can find no place on earth wherein to reſt:
For God alone, the author of its bliſſe,
Its only reſt, its onely center is.

ODE. 40.

1.

Move me no more, mad world, it is in vaine,
Experience tells me plaine
I ſhould deceived be,
If ever I againe ſhould truſt in thee.
My weary heart hath ranſackt all
Thy treaſuries both great, and ſmall,
And thy large inventories beares in minde:
Yet could it never finde
One place wherein to reſt,
Though it hath often tried all the beſt.

2.

Thy profits brought me loſſe in ſtead of gaine,
And all thy pleaſures paine:
Thine honours blurr'd my name
With the deep ſtaines of ſelf-confounding ſhame,
Thy wiſdome made me turne ſtarke fool,
And all the learning, that thy ſchool
Afforded me, was not enough to make

Me

Me know my ſelf, and take
Care of my better part,
Which ſhould have periſhed for all thine heart.

3.

Not that there is not place of reſt in thee
For others: but for me
There is, there can be, none:
That God, that made mine heart, is he alone,
That of himſelf both can, and will,
Give reſt unto my thoughts, and fill
Them full of all content, and quietneſſe,
That ſo I may poſſeſſe
My ſoule in patience,
Untill he find it time to call me hence.

4.

On thee then, as a ſure foundation,
A tried corner-ſtone,
Lord, I will ſtrive to raiſe
The tow'r of my ſalvation, and thy praiſe.
In thee, as in my center, ſhall
The lines of all my longings fall.
To thee, as to mine anchor, ſurely ti'd
My ſhip ſhall ſafely ride.
On thee, as on my bed
Of ſoft repoſe, I'll reſt my weary head.

5.

Thou, thou alone, ſhalt be my whole deſire,
I'll nothing elſe require,
But thee, or for thy ſake.
In thee I'll ſleepe ſecure, and when I wake
Thy glorious face ſhall ſatisfie
The longing of my looking eye.
I'll roule my ſelf on thee, as on my rock,

And

And threatning dangers mock.
Of thee, as of my treaſure,
I'll boaſt, and bragge, my comforts know no meaſure.

6

Lord, thou ſhalt be mine All, I will not know
A profit here below,
But what reflects on thee:
Thou ſhalt be all the pleaſure I will ſee
In any thing the earth affords.
Mine heart ſhall owne no words
Of honour, out of which I cannot raiſe
The matter of thy praiſe.
Nay, I will not be mine,
Unleſſe thou wilt vouchſafe to have me thine.

Embleme 41.



BALNEVM CORDIS, EX SVDORE SANGVINEO.

Multo labore ſudatum eſt, et non exiuit de eâ nimia rubigo eius. *Ezech. 24. 12.*

Balnea ſanguinei ſponſi ſudata cruore.
COR ægrum hic tibi quæ dat Paradiſus. adi.

Michel van Lochem excu

The bathing of the Heart.

JOEL 3.21.

I will cleanſe their bloud, that I have not cleanſed.

Epigr. 41.

THis bath thy Saviour ſwet with drops of bloud,
Sick heart, of purpoſe for to doe thee good.
They that have tri'd it can the vertue tell,
come then and uſe it, if thou wilt be well.

ODE. 41.

1.

All this thy God hath done for thee:
And now mine heart
It is high time that thou ſhould'ſt be
Acting thy part,
And meditating on his bleſſed Paſſion,
Till thou haſt made it thine by imitation.

2.

That exerciſe will be the beſt
And ſureſt meanes,
To keep thee evermore at reſt,
And free from paines.
To ſuffer with thy Saviour is the way
To make thy preſent comforts laſt for aye.

3.

Trace then the ſteps, wherein he trade,
And firſt begin
To ſweat with him. The heavy load,
Which for thy ſinne

He underwent, ſqueez'd bloud out of his face,
Which in great drops came trickling downe apace.

4.

Oh let not then that precious bloud
Be ſpilt in vaine,
But gather ev'ry drop. 'Tis good
To purge the ſtaine
Of guilt, that hath defil'd, and overſpred
Thee from the ſole of th'foot to th'crown of th'head.

5.

Poiſon poſſeſſeth every veine,
The fountaine is
Corrupt, and all the ſtreames uncleane:
All is amiſſe.
Thy bloud's impure, yea thou thy ſelf, mine heart,
In all thine inward pow'rs polluted art.

6.

When thy firſt father firſt did ill,
Mans doome was read,
That in the ſweat of 's face he ſtill
Should eat his bread.
What the firſt Adam in the garden caught,
The ſecond Adam in a garden taught.

7.

Taught by his owne example, how
To ſweat for ſinne,
Under that heavy weight to bow,
And never linne
Begging releaſe, till with ſtrong cries, and teares
The ſoule be drain'd of all its faults, and feares.

8.

If ſins imputed guilt oppreſt
Th'Almighty ſo,

That

That his ſad ſoule could find no reſt
Under that woe:
But that the bitter agony he felt
Made his pure bloud, if not to ſweat, to melt.

9.

Then let that huge inherent maſſe
Of ſinne, that lies
In heapes on thee, make thee ſurpaſſe
In teares, and cries,
Striving with all thy ſtrength, untill thou ſweat
Such drops as his, though not as good, as great.

10.

And if he thinke it fit to lay
Upon thy back,
Or paines, or duties, as he may
Untill it crack,
Shrinke not away, but ſtraine thine utmoſt force
To beare them cheerfully without remorſe.

Embleme 42.



VINCVLVM CORDIS EX FVNIBVS CHRISTI.

Traham eos in funiculis Adam. et in uinculis charitatis. *Oseæ. 11.*

Crimina te duro, fateor, mea, fune ligarunt.
Dulcior astringat cor tibi, funis, amor.

42. *Michel van Lochem excū*

The binding of the Heart.

Hos. 11.4.

I drew them with cords of a man, with bands of love.

Epigr. 42.

My sinnes, I doe confesse, a cord were found
Heavy, and hard by thee, when thou wast bound,
Great Lord of love, with them, but thou hast twin'd
Gentle love-cords my tender heart to bind.

Ode. 42.

1.

What? could those hands,
That made the world, be subject unto bands?
Could there a cord be found,
Wherewith omnipotence it self was bound?
Wonder mine heart, and stand amaz'd to see
The Lord of liberty
Led captive for thy sake, and in thy stead.
Although he did
Nothing deserving death, or bands, yet he
Was bound, and put to death, to set thee free.

2.

Thy sinnes had ti'd
Those bands for thee, wherein thou should'st have di'd:
And thou did'st daily knit
Knots upon knots, whereby thou mad'st them sit
Closer, and faster, to thy faulty self.
So like a cursed elfe,

Helpleſſe, and hopeleſſe, friendleſſe, and forlorne,
The ſinke of ſcorne,
And kennell of contempt, thou ſhould'ſt have laine
Eternally enthrall'd to endleſſe paine.

3.

Had not the Lord
Of love and life been pleaſed to afford
His helping hand of grace,
And freely put himſelf into thy place.
So were thy bands transferr'd, but not unti'd,
Untill the time he di'd,
And by his death vanquiſht, and conqu'red all,
That Adams fall
Had made victorious. Sinne, Death, and Hell,
Thy fatall foes, under his footſtool fell.

4.

Yet he meant not
That thou ſhould'ſt uſe the liberty he got
As it ſhould like thee beſt,
To wander as thou liſteſt, or to reſt
In ſoft repoſe careleſſe of his commands:
He that hath loos'd thoſe bands,
Whereby thou waſt enſlaved to the foes,
Binds thee with thoſe,
Where with he bound himſelf to doe thee good,
The bands of love, love writ in lines of blood.

5.

His love to thee
Made him to lay aſide his Majeſty,
And cloathed in a vaile
Of fraile, though faultleſſe fleſh, become thy baile.
But love requireth love: and ſince thou art
Loved by him, thy part
It is to love him too: and love affords

The ſtrongeſt cords
That can be : for it ties, not hands alone,
But heads, and hearts, and ſoules, and all in one.

6.

Come then, mine heart,
And freely follow the prevailing art
Of thy Redeemers love.
That ſtrong magnetique tie hath pow'r to move
The ſteeliſt ſtubborneſſe. If thou but twine,
And twiſt his love with thine,
And by obedience labour to expreſſe
Thy thankfulneſſe,
It will be hard to ſay on whether ſide
The bands are ſureſt, which is faſteſt tide.

Embleme 43.



FVLCRVM CORDIS
CHRISTI COLVMNA.

Confirmate CORDA uestra *Jacob. 5. 8.*

Non flores. non poma. meum COR *debile poscit.*
Fulcio hęc tua meę christe. columna satis.

43 *M. van Lochem excū*

The prop of the Heart.

PSAL. 102. 7,8.

His heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord. His heart is established, he shall not be afraid.

Epigr. 43.

MY weak, and feeble heart, a prop must use,
But pleasant fruits, and flow'rs doth refuse:
My Christ my pillar is, on him rely,
Repose, and rest my self, alone will I.

ODE. 43.

1.

Suppose it true, that whilst thy Saviours side
Was furrowed with scourges he was ti'd
Unto some pillar fast,
Think not, mine heart, it was because he could
Not stand alone, or that left loose he would
Have shrunk away at last.
Such weakness suits not with Omnipotence,
Nor could mans malice match his patience.

2.

But, if so done, 't was done to tutor thee,
Whose frailty, and impatience he doth see
Such, that thou hast nor strength,
Nor will, as of thy self, to undergo
The least degree of duty, or of woe,
But would'st be sure at length
To flinch, or faint, or not to stand at all,
Or in the end more fearfully to fall.

3.

Thy very frame, and figure, broad above,
Narrow beneath, apparently doth prove
Thou canſt not ſtand alone,
Without a prop to boulſter, and to ſtay thee.
To truſt to thine own ſtrength would ſoone betray thee.
Alas, thou now art growne
So weak, and feeble, wav'ring, and unſtaid,
Thou ſhrink'ſt at the leaſt weight that's on thee laid.

4.

The eaſ'eſt command'ments thou declineſt,
And at the lighteſt puniſhments thou whineſt:
Thy reſtleſſe motions are
Innumerable, like the troubled ſea
Whoſe waves are toſs'd, and tumbled ev'ry way.
The Hound-purſued Hare
Makes not ſo many doubles, as thou do'ſt,
Till thy croſſe courſes in themſelves are loſt.

5.

Get thee ſome ſtay that may ſupport thee then,
And ſtabliſh thee, leſt thou ſhould'ſt ſtart againe.
But where may it be found?
Will pleaſant fruites, or flowers ſerve the turne?
No, no, my tott'ring heart will overturne,
And lay them on the ground.
Dainties may ſerve to miniſter delight,
But ſtrength is onely from the Lord of might.

6.

Betake thee to thy Chriſt then, and repoſe
Thy ſelfe in all extremities on thoſe
His everlaſting armes,
Wherewith he girds the heavens, and upholds
The pillars of the earth, and ſafely folds

His faithfull flocke from harmes.
Cleave close to him by faith, and let the bands
Of love tie thee in thy Redeemers hands.

7.

Come life, come death, come devills, come what will,
Yet fast ned so thou shalt stand stedfast still:
And all the pow'rs of hell
Shall not prevaile to shake thee with their shock,
So long as thou art founded on that rock:
No duty shall thee quell,
No danger shall disturbe thy quiet state,
Nor soule-perplexing feares thy mind amate.

Embleme 44.



STIMVLVS CORDIS CHRISTI FLAGELLA.
Virga in dorso eius. qui indiget CORDE. prou. 10 13

Cessat iners. cessant tua cum vigilare flagella:
Cogc. Amor. inuitum COR meliora sequi.

44 *M. van Lochem excu*

The ſcourging of the Heart.

PROV. 10. 13.

A rod is for the backe of him that is void of underſtanding.

Epigr. 44.

WHen thou withhold'ſt thy ſcourges, deareſt love,
My ſluggiſh heart is ſlack, and ſlow to move.
Oh let it not ſtand ſtill, but laſh it rather,
And drive it, though unwilling, to thy Father.

ODE. 44.

1.

What doe thoſe ſcourges on that ſacred fleſh,
Spotleſſe and pure?
Muſt he, that doth ſin-weari'd ſoules refreſh,
Himſelf endure
Such tearing tortures? Muſt thoſe ſides be gaſh'd?
Thoſe ſhoulders laſh'd?
Is this the trimming that the world beſtowes
Upon ſuch robes of majeſtie as thoſe?

2.

Is't not enough to die, unleſſe by paine
Thou antidate
Thy death before hand, Lord? What do'ſt thou meane
To aggravate
The guilt of ſinne? or to enhance the price
Thy ſacrifice
Amounts to? Both are infinite I know,
And can by no additions greater grow.

3.

Yet dare I not imagine that in vaine
Thou did'ſt endure
One ſtripe: though not thine owne thereby, my gaine
Thou did'ſt procure,
That when I ſhall be ſcourged for thy ſake,
Thy ſtripes may make
Mine acceptable, that I may not grutch,
When I remember thou haſt borne as much.

4.

As much, and more, for me. Come then mine heart,
And willingly
Submit thy ſelfe to ſuffer: ſmile at ſmart
And death defie.
Feare not to feel that hand correcting thee,
Which ſet thee free.
Stripes as the tokens of his love he leaves,
Who ſcourgeth ev'ry ſonne whom he receives.

5.

There's fooliſhneſſe bound up within thee faſt:
But yet the rod
Of fatherly correction at the laſt,
If bleſt by God,
Will drive it farre away, and wiſdome give,
That thou maiſt live,
Not to thy ſelf, but him, that firſt was ſlaine,
And died for thee, and then roſe againe.

6.

Thou art not onely dull, and ſlow of pace
But ſtubborne too,
And refractory, ready to outface,
Rather then doe,
Thy duty: though thou know'ſt it muſt be ſo,

Thou

Thou wilt not go
The way thou ſhould'ſt, till ſome affliction
Firſt ſet thee right, then prick, and ſpurre thee on.

7.

Top-like thy figure, and condition is,
Neither to ſtand,
Nor ſtirre, thy ſelf alone, whilſt thou do'ſt miſſe
An helping hand
To ſet thee up, and ſtore of ſtripes beſtow
To make thee goe.
Begge then thy bleſſed Saviour to transferre
His ſcourges unto thee, to make thee ſtirre.

Embleme 45.



SEPIMENTVM CORDIS CORONA SPINEA.

Sepiam uiam tuam ſpinis *oſeæ. 2.6.*

Ne careat tua ſpina roſis. COR concolor armet.
Horte arcet ſtygias. ſeps diadema feras.

45. *Michel van Lochem excū*

The hedging of the Heart.

Hos. 2.6.

I will hedge up thy way with thornes.

Epigr. 45.

He, that of thornes would gather roſes, may
In his own heart, if handled the right way.
Hearts hedged with Chriſts Crowne of thornes, in ſtead
Of thorny cares, will ſweeteſt roſes breed.

Ode 45.

1.

A crowne of thornes! I thought ſo: ten to one,
A crowne without a thorne there's none:
There's none on earth I meane, what ſhall I then
Rejoyce to ſee him crown'd by men,
By whom Kings rule, and reigne? Or ſhall I ſcorne,
And hate, to ſee earths curſe, a thorne,
Prepoſt'rouſly preferr'd to crowne thoſe browes,
From whence all bliſſe, and glory flowes?
Or ſhall I both be clad,
And alſo ſad,
To think it is a crowne, and yet ſo bad?

2.

There's cauſe enough of both, I muſt confeſſe:
Yet, what's that unto me, unleſſe
I take a courſe his crowne of thornes may be
Made mine, transferr'd from him to me?
Crownes had they been of ſtarres could adde no more
Glory, where there was all before, (worſe,
And thornes might ſcratch him, could not make him

Then he was made ſinne, and a curſe.
Come then, mine heart, take downe
Thy Saviours Crowne
Of thornes, and ſee if thou canſt make't thine owne.

3.

Remember firſt, thy Saviours head was crown'd
By the ſame hands that did him wound:
They meant it not to honour, but to ſcorne him,
When in ſuch ſort they did bethorne him.
Think earthly honours ſuch, if they redound
Not to his glory, th' are not ſound.
Never beleeve they minde to dignifie
Thee, that thy Chriſt would crucifie.
Think ev'ry crowne a thorne,
Unleſſe 't adorne
Thy Chriſt, as well as him, by whom 't is worne.

4.

Conſider then that, as the thorny crowne
Circled thy Saviours head, thine owne
Continuall care to pleaſe him, and provide
For the advantage of his ſide,
Muſt fence thine actions, and affections ſo,
That they ſhall neither dare to goe
Out of that compaſſe, nor vouchſafe acceſſe
To what might make that care goe leſſe.
Let no ſuch thing draw nigh,
Which ſhall not ſpie
Thornes ready plac'd to prick it till it die.

5.

Thus, compaſs'd with thy Saviours thorny Crowne,
Thou mai ſt ſecurely ſit thee downe,
And hope that he, who made of water wine,
Will turne each Thorne unto a Vine,
Were thou mai ſt gather grapes, and to delight thee
Roſes:

Roſes : nor need the prickles fright thee.
Thy Saviours ſacred temples tooke away
The curſe, that in their ſharpneſſe lay.
So thou mai'ſt crowned be,
As well as he,
And at the laſt light in his light ſhalt ſee.

Embleme 46.



COMPVNCTIO CORDIS
CLAVO TIMORIS DEI.

confortauit eum clauus ut non
moueretur. Isaiæ. 41. 7.

Hoc mihi COR ſancti clauo tremsfige timoris,
Pre me qui clauis in cruce fixus eras.

 Michel van Lochem excū.

The faſtening of the Heart.

JER. 32. 40.

I will put my feare in their hearts, that they ſhall not depart from me.

Epigr. 46.

THou, that hath waſt nailed to the Croſſe for me,
Leſt I ſtould ſlip, and fall away from thee,
Drive home thine holy feare into mine heart,
And clench it ſo, that it may ne'er depart.

ODE. 46.

1.

What? do'ſt thou ſtruggle to get looſe againe?
Haſt thou ſo ſoone forgot the former paine,
That thy licentious bondage unto ſinne,
And luſt enlarged thraldome, put thee in?
Haſt thou a mind againe to rove, and ramble
Rogue-like a vagrant through the world, and ſcramble
For ſcraps, and cruſts of earth bred baſe delights,
And change thy dayes of joy for tedious nights
Of ſad repentant ſorrow?
What? wilt thou borrow
That griefe to day, which thou muſt pay to morrow?

2.

No, ſelf-deceiving heart, leſt thou ſhould'ſt caſt
Thy cords away, and burſt the bands at laſt
Of thy Redeemers tender love, I'll try
What further faſtneſſe in his feare doth lie.
The cords of love ſoaked in luſt may rot,

And

And bands of bounty are too oft forgot:
But holy filiall feare, like to a naile
Faſt ned in a ſure place, will never faile.
This driven home will take
Faſt hold, and make
Thee that thou dareſt not thy God forſake.

3.

Remember how, beſides thy Saviours hands,
Wherewith they led him bound, his holy hands,
And feet, were pierced, how they nail'd him faſt
Unto his bitter croſſe, and how at laſt
His precious ſide was goared with a ſpeare.
So hard ſharp-pointed iron, and ſteel did teare
His tender fleſh, that from thoſe wounds might flow
The ſov'raigne ſalve for ſin-procured woe.
Then that thou mai'ſt not faile
Of that availe,
Refuſe not to be faſt'ned with his naile.

4.

Love in an heart of fleſh is apt to taint,
Or be fly-blowne with folly: and its faint
And feeble ſpirits, when it ſhewes moſt faire,
Are often fed on by the empty aire
Of popular applauſe, unleſſe the ſalt
Of holy feare in time prevent the fault:
But ſeaſon'd ſo it will be kept for ever.
He, that doth feare becauſe he loves, will never
Adventure to offend,
But alwayes bend
His beſt endeavours to content his friend.

5.

Though perfect love caſt out all ſervile feare,
Becauſe ſuch feare hath torment: yet thy dear
Redeemer meant not ſo to ſet thee free,

That

That filiall feare, and thou ſhould ſtrangers be.
Though, as a ſonne, thou honour him thy father,
Yet, as a maſter, thou maiſt feare him rather.
Feare's the ſoules Centinell, and keepes the heart,
Wherein love lodges ſo, that all the art,
And induſtry, of thoſe,
That are its foes,
Cannot betray it to its former woes.

Embleme 47.



MVSTVM CORDIS E TORCVLARI CRVCIS.

Vinum lætificet COR hominis. *Psal. 103. 15.*

En cypri premitur botrus, COR exaipe, gmta
De torculari quę cruce vna fluunt.

47. *M. van Sochem exc.*

The new wine of the Heart.

PSAL. 104.115.

Wine that maketh glad the heart of man.

Epigr. 47.

CHriſt the true Vine, grape, cluſter, on the Crôſſe
Trod the Winepreſſe alone, unto the loſſe
Of bloud, & life. Draw, thankfull heart, and ſpare not:
Here's wine enough for all, ſave thoſe that care not.

ODE. 47.

1.

Leave not thy Saviour now, what ev'r thou do'ſt,
Doubtfull diſtruſtfull heart,
Thy former paines, and labours, all are loſt,
If now thou ſhalt depart,
And faithleſly fall off at laſt from him,
Who to redeeme thee ſpar'd nor life nor limme.

2.

Shall he, that is thy Cluſter, and thy Vine,
Tread the winepreſſe alone,
Whilſt thou ſtand'ſt looking on? Shall both the wine,
And worke be all his owne?
See how he bends, cruſht with the ſtraitned Screw
Of that fierce wrath, that to thy ſinnes was due.

3.

Although thou canſt not helpe to beare it, yet
Thruſt thy ſelfe under too,
That thou mai'ſt feel ſome of the weight, and get
Although not ſtrength to doe,
Yet will to ſuffer ſomething as he doth,

That

That the ſame ſtreſſe at once may ſqueeze you both.

4.

Thy Saviour being preſs'd to death, there ran
Out of his ſacred wounds
That wine, that maketh glad the heart of man,
And all his foes confounds.
Yea, the full-flowing fountain s open ſtill
For all grace-thirſting hearts to drinke their fill.

5.

And not to drinke alone, to ſatiate
Their longing appetites,
Or drowne thoſe cumbrous cares, that would abate
The edge of their delights,
But, when they toyle, and foile themſelves, with ſinne,
Both to refreſh, to purge, and cleanſe them in.

6.

Thy Saviour hath begun this Cup to thee,
And thou muſt not refuſe't.
Preſſe then thy ſin-ſwoll'n ſides, untill they be
Empty, and fit to uſe't.
Doe not delay to come, when he doth call,
Nor feare to want, where there's enough for all.

7.

Thy bounteous Redeemer in his bloud
Fills thee not wine alone,
But likewiſe gives his fleſh to be thy food,
Which thou ma'ſt make thine owne,
And feede on him, who hath himſelf revealed
The bread of Life by God the Father ſealed.

8.

Nay, he's not food alone, but phyſicke too,
When ever thou art ſick,
And in thy weakneſſe ſtrength, that thou mai'ſt doe

Thy duty, and not ſtick
At any thing, that he requires of thee,
How hard ſoever it may ſeeme to be.

9.

Make all the haſte then that thou canſt to come,
Before the day be paſt,
And think not of returning to thy home,
Whilſt yet the light doth laſt.
The longer, and the more thou draw'ſt this wine,
Still thou ſhalt find it more, and more divine.

10.

Or if thy Saviour think it meet to throw
Thee in the Preſſe againe,
To ſuffer as he did: yet doe not grow
Diſpleaſed at thy paine:
A Summer ſeaſon followes Winter weather,
Suff'ring you ſhall be glorifi'd together.

REVEL. 22. 17.

The Spirit, and the Bride ſay, Come. And let him that heareth ſay, Come. And let him that is a thirſt, come. And whoſoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

The CONCLVSION.

IS this my period? Have I now no more
To doe hereafter? Shall my mind give o're
Its best imployment thus, and idle be,
Or busi'd otherwise? Should I not see
How to improve my thoughts more thriftily,
Before I lay these Heart-School Lectures by?
Self-knowledge is an everlasting taske,
An endlesse worke, that doth not onely aske
A whole man for the time, but challengeth
To take up all his howers untill death.
Yet as in other Schooles they have a care
To call for repetitions, and are
Busi'd as well in seeking to retaine
What they have learn'd already, as to gaine
Further degrees of knowledge, and lay by
Invention, whilst they practise memory:
So must I likewise take some time to view
What I have done, ere I proceed anew.
Perhaps I may have cause to interline,
To alter, or to adde: the Worke is mine,
And I may manage it, as I see best,
With my great Masters leave. Then here I rest
From taking out new lessons, till I see
How I retaine the old in memory.

And if it be his pleasure, I shall say
These lessons before others, that they may,
Or learne them too, or only censure me;
I'll wait with patience the successe to see.
And though I looke not to have leave to play,
For that this School allowes not, yet I may
Another time perhaps, if they approve
Of these, such as they are, and shew their love
To the *School of the Heart*, by calling for't,
Adde other lessons more of the like sort.

The Learning of the Heart.

The Preface.

I Am a Scholar. The great Lord of Love
And life, my Tutor is: Who from above
All that lack Learning, to his School invites,
My Hearts my Prayer-book, in which he writes,
Systemes of all the Arts and Faculties:
First reads to me, then makes me exercise,
But all in paradoxes, such high strains,
As flow from none but love Inspired Brains:
Yet bids me publish them abroad and dare
T' excell his Arts above all other Arts that are.
Why should I not? me thinks it cannot be,
But they should please others as well as me.
Come then joyn'd hands, and let our heart's embrace,
Whil'st thus loves Labyrinth of Arts we trace;
I mean the *Sidemes* call'd *Liberal*:
Both *Trivium*, and *Quadrivium*, sev'n in all.
With the higher Faculties, *Philosophy*;
And *Law*, and *Physick*, and *Theologie*.

The

The Grammar of the Heart.

PSAL. 15. 2.

That ſpeaketh the Truth in his Heart.

MY Grammar, I define to be an Art,
Which teacheth me to write and ſpeak mine heart,
By which I learn that ſmooth tongu'd flatt'ries are
Falſe Language, and in love irregular.
Among'ſt my Letters, Vow-wells I admit,
Of none but Conſonant to ſacred Writ.
And therefore when my Soul in ſilence moans,
Half vowel'd ſighs, and double deep thong'd groans,
Mute looks, and liquid tears in ſtead of words,
Are of the language that mine heart affords.
And ſince true love abhors all variations,
My Grammar hath no moods nor conjugations:
Tenſes, nor Perſons, nor Declenſions,
Caſes, nor genders, nor compariſons:
What are my Letters are, my Words but one,
And on the meaning of it love alone.
Concard is all my Syntax and agreement:
Is in my Grammar perfect regiment.
He wants no Language that hath learn'd to love,
When tongues are ſtill, hearts will be heard above.

The

The Rethorick of the Heart.

PSAL. 45. 1.

My Heart is inditing a good matter.

MY Rethorick is not so much an Art,
As an infused habit in mine Heart,
Which a sweet secret Elegance Instills,
And all my Speech with Tropes and Figures fills.
Love is the tongues Elixir, which doth change
The ordinary sense of words, and range
Them under other kinds, dispose them so
That to the height of eloquence they grow,
E'vn in their native plainness, and must be
So understood as liketh love and me.
When I say Christ, I mean my Saviour;
When his Command'ment my behaviour:
For to that end it was he hither came,
And to this purpose 'tis I bear his Name.
When I say Hallow'd be thy name, he knows
I would be holy: for his glory grows
Together with my good, and he hath not
Given more honour then himself hath got
So when I say, Lord let thy Kingdom come,
He understands it, I would be at home;
To raign with him in glory. So grace brings
My love in me to be the King of Kings.
He teacheth me to say, Thy will be done,
But meaneth he would have me do mine own;
By making me to will the same he doth,
And so to rule my self and serve him both.

So when he ſaith, My Son give me thine heart:
I know his meaning is, that I ſhould part
With all I have for him, give him my ſelf,
And to be rich in him from worldly pelf.
When he ſays come to me, I know that he
Means I ſhould wait his coming unto me,
Since 'tis his coming unto me that makes
Me come to him, my part he undertakes.
And when he ſays, Behold I come, I know
His purpoſe and intent is I ſhould go
With all the ſpeed I can, to meet him whence
His coming is attractive, draws me hence.
Thick-folded Repititions in Love,
Are no Tautologies, but ſtrongly move
And bind unto Attention. Exclamations,
Are the hearts heaven-piercing Exaltions.
Epiphonemaes and Apoſtrophes,
Love likes of well, but no Proſopopes.
Not doubtful but careful deliberations,
Love holds as grounds of ſtrongeſt Reſolutions.
Thus love and I a thouſand ways can find,
To ſpeak and underſtand each others mind,
And deſcant upon that which unto others,
Is but plain Song, and all their Muſick ſmothers.
Nay that which worldly wit worms call nonſence,
Is many times loves pureſt Eloquence.

The

The Logick of the Heart.

1 Pet. 3. 15.

Be ready always to give an Answer to every man that asketh you a Reason of the Hope that is in you.

MY Logick is the faculty of Faith,
Where all things are resolv'd into the faith;
And Ergoes drawn from trust and confidence
Twist and tie Truths with stronger consequence
Then either sense or reason: for the heart
And not the head is fountain of this Art.
And what the heart objects none can resolve,
But God himself, till death the frame dissolve.
Nay Faith can after death dispute with dust,
And argue ashes into stronger trust.
And better hopes then Brass and Marble can
Be emblemes, of unto the outward man.
All my invention is to find what terms
My Lord and I stand in: how he confirms
His promises to me, how I inherit
What he hath purchased for me by his merit.
My judgment is submission to his will.
And when he once hath spoken to be still.
My Method's to be ordered by him
What he disposeth, that I think most trim.
Loves Arguments, are all I will, thou must,
What he says and commands are true and just.
When to dispute and argue's out of Season,
Then to believe and to obey is Reason.

FINIS.